

COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE WITH HER SONS.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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* * With this number of COUNTRY LIFE is issued an Illustrated Supplement—"Ideal Gift Books in the COUNTRY LIFE Library."

LABOUR'S CLAIM

IT means a great deal when a body so important as the Cheshire Chamber of Agriculture practically agrees with the principle of a minimum wage for agricultural labourers. But in the discussion which has for outcome the resolution containing this paragraph, the facts of the case were not stated with scientific precision and accuracy. On a famous occasion Lord Beaconsfield said that land had to provide three rents—one for the labourer, one for the farmer, and one for the landlord. Now investigation has brought out what the labourer gets in wages and what the landlord gets in rent; but what the farmer gets in profit statisticians do not know, and in probably a vast majority of cases the farmer himself does not know. There is no class more negligent of the art of book-keeping, and he is equally surprised when he wakens up rich and when he wakens up poor. His profits vary with the class of holding and with its size. The larger the size, the greater the profits as a general rule. Thus the principle of

the minimum wage comes into conflict with the policy of splitting the land up into small holdings, which is acknowledged by all experts to be the least economical method of farming.

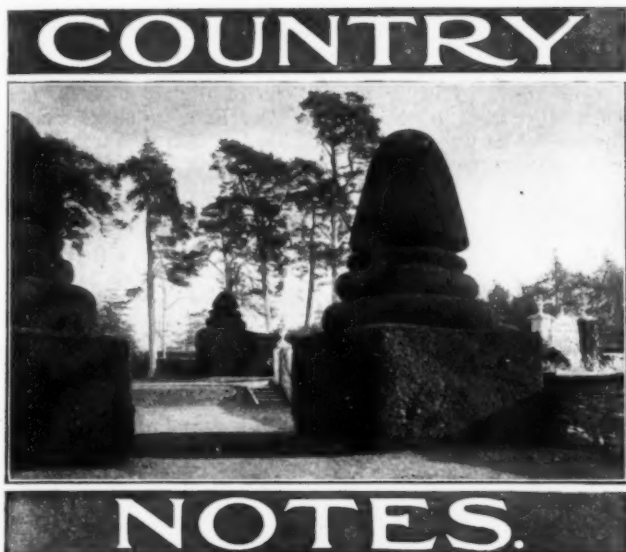
Now, a very sound agriculturist, discussing the situation with the present writer, made the remark, with which other tenant farmers will probably agree, that the most difficult factor to be dealt with at the present moment is labour. He comes from one of the Eastern Counties, where wages do not rule very high, yet during the summer, when discussion of the question was at the keenest, an owner who keeps a large quantity of land in hand called his labourers together and made them the offer, that if they would accept 20s. a week in cash wages and give up all extra earnings and indirect sources of income, he would willingly make the bargain with them. They asked time to consider, and then unanimously declared that they would rather have the old arrangement. This attitude on their part makes the situation still more difficult. Solution on a cash basis is not perhaps ideal from every point of view, but it is clear and definite, and employers are entitled to ask that their servants should definitely say what they wish to have. If it be true, as is so often asserted, that the value of perquisites and extra earnings on a farm are exaggerated, then it would seem that the only satisfactory way of paying is to resort to the method which one applies to a bricklayer or any other skilled labourer, namely, in hard cash for the work they have done, which in some cases would be counted by the week and in others would be piecework without extras. The agricultural labourer cannot expect to have it both ways.

The suggestion was made that wages might be adjusted on a sliding scale resembling that which applies to the payment of tithe rent charge, where a seven years' average of the price of wheat fixes the tithe payable annually. But this system has not worked out very well in regard to tithes, and would be extremely difficult to apply to wages. At the time of the Commutation the tithe was laid on each individual field, and it was not unfair, because England at the time was pre-eminently a wheat-growing country, so that the price of this grain gave an approximate and fairly good idea of the value of agricultural produce. But since the Commutation values have changed enormously, wheatlands having depreciated and good pasture greatly appreciated, with the result that poor land which used to grow wheat has to carry a tithe of 5s., 7s. 6d. and even 10s. an acre, whereas excellent pasture, which in 1837 was of no great value, is now worth £2, £3 or even £4 an acre, and gets off with a tithe of something between 2d. and 6d. Moreover, wheat is not so important to the farmer of to-day as it was seventy or eighty years ago. Milk, meat and dairy produce are all serious rivals to it, and the septennial average would have to be found not only of the cereal crops, but of all others—a consideration which goes far to make the proposed sliding scale unworkable. Ingenious financiers may, perhaps, be able to supply a solution to the problem, but at present the idea of working it on a sliding scale does not seem feasible. The other practical difficulty is that in no other industry is profit such a fluctuating quantity. In mining or engineering the rise and fall are visible and direct, so that the sliding scale works in a fairly satisfactory manner; in agriculture the capricious element of weather enters in and produces one year a bountiful crop that surpasses all expectation and in another works havoc, so that only on a long average could it be possible to make wages rise and fall automatically with the rise and fall of profits. That wages ought to go up is now undeniable. Labour is not at all plentiful in the rural districts, and, whatever may happen to other products, those of agriculture are bound to increase in value. Wherever we look we find the monopoly of purchasing markets, once held almost entirely by Great Britain, now being assailed by other countries. Canadian meat has a market in the United States, and the States, too, offer a broadening avenue to Canadian cereals. France and Germany have shown enormous increases in their importation of foodstuffs during the current year. Russia, from which we used to obtain large supplies, is now developing a power of consumption that has no limit. These things cannot be considered without bringing us to the conclusion that English land and its products are being enhanced in value.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece is of the Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire and her three sons. Lady Suffolk is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. L. Z. Leiter of Washington, U.S.A. She was married to the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire in 1904.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



POLITICIANS of every shade will join in congratulating Mr. Walter Long on a recovery from his recent illness so complete as to enable him at Melksham on Tuesday to deliver one of the most able and vigorous speeches which have been contributed to the subject of Land Reform. It will be of peculiar interest to our readers to note that he gives a full and wholehearted support to what we have called the "piecemeal" method of attacking the cottage problem. The principles he lays down are, first, that "it is the duty of every owner of land to find sufficient cottages for the cultivation of the land and to see that they are in a thoroughly sanitary and satisfactory condition." That is a point of which the importance cannot be exaggerated. Next, Mr. Long says with perfect truth, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the cottages inhabited by employees of the State belong to private individuals. He goes on "This is monstrously unfair. The State should provide cottages for its own workmen." He applies the same principle to local authorities, whether county councils or district councils. "Policemen, roadmen and others should be provided with their cottages by their employers, and I am convinced that any landowner would gladly give the land for nothing to enable the State or county councils to build cottages for their workmen." Obviously, if these ideas could be efficiently carried out, the cottage problem would be simplified to an extraordinary degree, if it were not altogether solved. We were glad to see that in last week's number our contemporary, the *Spectator*, after ranging far and wide in search of mere cheapness, comes back to the sounder policy which has just been enunciated by Mr. Long, that "it is the duty of county councils, district councils and other local authorities to erect cottages for their employees." It is only necessary, now that all who have the interests of the country really at stake, should concentrate their energies in an attempt to make this more than a merely academic opinion, namely, a principle that the bodies in question will have to apply.

A consideration which has not been fully taken into account by those who are for ever urging cheapness as the greatest virtue in cottage building is that a supreme object to be aimed at is the encouragement of cottagers with large families. We do not want little toy houses, whether they are pretty or not, for a man and woman who have from five to seven children, or even more, to lodge. The cottage that is to be worth some sacrifice on the part of the country must be one that will house a family like this, juvenile and adult, in comfort, and that will be so well built that it will not come to pieces under the treatment which a normally healthy and vigorous family will give it. The cottage for a large family is of as much importance as the economical cottage or as the cottage beautiful.

An interesting case was brought up on appeal from the decision of the Judge of the Halesworth County Court last week. The facts were that a Suffolk farmer, driving a flock of one hundred sheep along the road, he going in front and a dog following behind the flock, keeping the sheep as far as possible on the near side of the road, the flock was run into by a taxicab and three of the sheep injured to such an extent that they had to be killed. The farmer brought an action for damages against the owner of the taxicab, but was not-suited by the County Court Judge on the ground that there had been negligence on

the part of the flockmaster in so far that the sheep were driven along the road without showing any light. Mr. Justice Bray and Mr. Justice Lush allowed the appeal on strictly legal grounds. There is no law compelling a man to show a light when driving sheep along the highway at night. The law urgently needs amendment. Sheep under the tree shadows are as dangerous as any wheeled vehicle. They are barely discernible by the bright headlights on a motor, and not at all by the dimmer lights carried by a hay waggon. As to the unfortunate cyclist, he is in collision with them before he knows.

Mr. Justice Darling made short work of a well-known "custom of the country" *à propos* of a case stated by the Banbury Justices. The custom referred to regards the treatment of a milch cow before sale. In order to commend her appearance as a milker to the possible purchaser, the seller in various parts of the country is accustomed to avoid milking the cow for a comparatively long period before sending her to market. In the particular case the cow was a heavy milker and in full milk. On her arrival at the market at 11 a.m. her udder was very much distended, the teats were also very much distended, and they were hard and hot and felt like the skin of a drum. When her legs came in contact with the udder, milk was forced out, and there were inflamed patches on the udder. Her back was arched and she had great difficulty in moving. Mr. Justice Darling, with Mr. Justice Rowlatt and Mr. Justice Atkin, remitted the case to the Justices with a direction to convict. Leaving out the merely legal grounds on which this was done, the common-sense reason for the decision is found in the following sentence: "If the custom of doing this did exist, it was time that it ceased, and people must find some other means of judging whether a cow was a good milker or not." Every humane person must agree with this deliverance.

WINSFORD HILL.

The road goes over Winsford Hill,
A long way up, a long way down;
Three barrows dare the ages still
Upon the lofty, lonely crown;
No man has ever tried to till
The slopes of heather, bare and brown.

The landscape spreads a view so wide
That in the South the hidden sea
Reflects in air its golden tide,
Though forty miles away it be,
And in the North the shadows glide
On Exmoor, void of tower and tree.

O Winsford Hill, so far away,
So far away in space and time!
In thoughts and dreams again I stray
Along that road, again I climb
Where the three barrows watch all day,
In Summer's bloom, in Winter's rime.

BRIAN GODFREY.

On the two hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Laurence Sterne, Mr. Edmund Gosse made the great novelist the subject of an address at the Authors' Club dinner. Mr. Gosse is a very learned and very eminent literary critic; but it baffled him, as it has baffled all who went before, to analyse and set out the constituents which make of Laurence Sterne the lovable personality conjured up by the words, "Alas! poor Yorick." The task he essayed was like that of a chemist, who should, by an analysis of light, atmosphere, humidity and so forth, try to show the charm of a June day. Mr. Gosse brought together most of the essential facts concerning the personal history and the intellectual development of Sterne, but their mingling remains the secret which no one can disclose. We know that certain passages in "Tristram Shandy" are the most perfect in imaginative literature, but why they are defies analysis. We know that Sterne began his career by using what he had gained by much study of Rabelais and others; but this was only an example of genius instinctively seeking out its intellectual affinity. Not till he had lived past his reading—that is to say, not till he came to write "The Sentimental Journey"—do we find Laurence Sterne himself, that mixture of whim, tenderness, sentiment, delicacy of expression, and not infrequently coarseness of thought, which made him unique in English literature. Probably there is no other who has had so much influence on his successors.

In our golfing columns last week a comment was made upon the fact that an old Cambridge Golf Blue, Gordon

Barry, is playing in the trial matches of the Oxford University team. And it was suggested that if he played in the University match it would form an undesirable precedent. The case opens up a most interesting and highly debatable question in University sport. Should a man who has got his Blue for Cambridge play for Oxford, or not? The precedents are these: J. V. Young, who went to Oxford after having been at Cambridge, was not tried by the O.U.R.F.C. because he had obtained his Rugby Blue at Cambridge. C. E. Simmons of Queens' College, who represented Cambridge from 1910 to 1912 at water polo, and then went to Oxford for forestry, was put into the Oxford Water Polo team last year by the decision of a special meeting of the Blues Committee, which consists of the captains of various University teams and the president and secretary of the Boat Club, and is the final court of appeal on questions relating to games within each University. To our mind everything depends upon the attitude of the individual man upon whom the choice may fall. The preparation for and the actual inter-University matches are very good fun, as all will admit who have been fortunate enough to play in them, and if one can win or lose philosophically and take the fortune of war as it may come for the sake of the game, then there is nothing to be said against playing for either University or both. If, however, the sentiment of loyalty to one's University is as deeply seated as it is in most of us, the idea of playing against one's first Alma Mater in the great contest would be too outrageous to contemplate.

Whether a man should choose to play for his University or his country, when the Inter-University match and the International are at the same time, is a corollary which follows from the preceding. But the question is not quite on the same footing, though to most of us the University would come first, chiefly because they have the smallest choice, and also because they taught us our game, it is difficult to make a hard and fast rule. For instance, S. P. B. Mais, the Oxford three-miler, was asked to captain the English cross-country team on the day of the Oxford and Cambridge Sports; he accepted the captaincy, but it must be remembered that Oxford had the three miles very well in hand that year and were certain to win without him. Last year C. N. Lowe refused to run second string in the half-mile for Cambridge because he was playing Rugby for England on the following day; on this occasion, also, the University won the race, thanks to H. S. O. Ashington's fine performance, but it was by no means so certain as the three miles was for Oxford, as Ashington had to represent Cambridge in two other events. By long usage the International Match Rifle Match at Bisley clashes with the University Service Rifle Match, and in 1912 G. L. Ritchie elected to shoot for Scotland instead of for Cambridge. The present writer was nearly placed in the same dilemma, and, therefore, can appreciate how difficult the choice would be. Fortunately for him, however, he was only one of the reserve men for the Cambridge Eight on that occasion, so could accept his place in the English Eight with a clear conscience.

Some of the newspapers have been commenting on the decay of the medlar, referring not to its turning rotten at the approach of Christmas, but to its waning interest as an inhabitant of our orchards and pleasure grounds. As often happens, the paragraphist has got hold of the apparent waning in the popularity of a tree at the very moment when its revival is taking place. The modern garden architect loves the medlar. He knows nothing and cares less about its rotting fruit, which seemed to be so much appreciated by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, but he loves its rose-like flowers and splendid foliage. In many of the grounds that are laid out to-day the medlar is being given an honoured place.

Advice addressed to Canadian farmers admonishing them to breed more cattle has its moral for us as well. Unfortunately so dependent are we upon foreign sources for our food supplies that we spend nearly fifty millions sterling a year upon meat alone. The problem is one that householders may feel acutely within the next few years. From being an exporting country the United States will now have to become an importer, and the surplus stock that Canada has been in the habit of sending us will find a ready market over her borders. With five million more consumers in the United States than in 1910, the head of beef cattle has dwindled from 42,000,000 to 36,000,000. Now that the bottom has been knocked out of the real estate boom in the Dominion perhaps her farmers may occupy their energies with something that is more productive, from the point of view of the political economist. A curious story has been going the rounds to the effect that American dairymen have sinister designs upon this industry in Canada, efforts being

made to buy up the milking herds in Eastern Ontario and Quebec at prices in advance of those generally current.

Through the death of Sir Robert Ball Cambridge has lost a figure dear to many generations of undergraduates, and, more especially, to the boys of the King's College School. For Sir Robert was one of the kindest of men, and until illness in late years cut him off from intercourse with his many friends at the University, he was known as one of the best of hosts, both among those *in statu pupilaris* and among the dons, in a community famous for hospitality; and few who were privileged to spend the night with him at the Observatory, as undergraduates, will ever forget his kindly courtesy. In the world of science the most noteworthy work that he did was on the Theory of Screws; but his book on "Experimental Mechanics" has also a claim to recognition, for though it was written some forty years ago it remains to-day the best book in its own field. As a lecturer it was his wit, humour and charm which drew to him large audiences to listen to his lucid expositions. But when all has been said, it is the friend who will be missed; and no man could desire a greater memorial.

Certain suggestions made by Sir D. Ross in the chair at the recent meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute will come rather as a surprise to those who read of scientific matters only as they run. The occasion was that of a lecture, illustrated by the magic lantern, given by Dr. Malcolm Watson, on his excellent work in checking malaria in the Federated Malay States. The lecturer referred to the virtually complete extermination of the malarial mosquito in the flat countries, where the larvæ are bred in stagnant waters, and the comparative success achieved in dealing with those that live in the running waters of the hill countries. He also said that there was every hope of banishing malaria from the rice fields. But the idea that will strike the scientific reader as novel is that which the chairman suggested in his concluding remarks, that the mosquitoes might be further reduced by chemicals, other than oil, introduced into the water, by turning in living enemies to prey on the larvæ or possibly by removing out of the water the larvæ's food supply.

SONG.

Fold your pale hands, O night,
Pure nun who comes to pray
For the departing day—
Fold your pale hands.

Tell o'er your beads—
Dewdrops that where you pass
Cluster upon the grass,
Tell o'er your beads.

Light your clear stars,
Tapers whose holy fire
Burns with a soul's desire—
Light your clear stars.

KATHLEEN CLOSE.

In another part of the paper an article will be found on "Ranching in Southern Rhodesia." According to the reports of Mr. Walsh, the great Texan expert, and of Professor Wallace of the Faculty of Agriculture at Edinburgh University, the future as a ranching country is assured. But Rhodesia has suffered in the same way as other new countries, through vast tracts of land being held up for speculative purposes. The British South African Company, however, who govern Rhodesia, have taken steps to deal with this abuse in a most efficient fashion. In the first place, new settlers can only obtain land belonging to the Company on condition that it is efficiently occupied and developed during a term of years, and this applies equally whether the land is leased with option of purchase or bought outright by the settler, though in the latter case the conditions are, of course, less stringent; while, to prevent the holding up of large blocks of land, the Company have wisely decided that each settler shall only be allowed to purchase 1,200 acres for mixed farming purposes or 6,000 acres for ranching. Further, the British South Africa Company have just formulated new legislative measures for the taxation of undeveloped land which will deter land companies and individuals from holding it up, and will also provide much of the money required to hasten the development of the country.

With the last of November and the closing of the salmon fishing on the Tweed we come to the end of one of the most "patchy" seasons that the angler is at all likely to remember. You may hear one salmon angler tell you that it has been "a splendid year" and the next that "there has been no sport

at all," accordingly as they have happened to hit off the rivers in their right or in their wrong conditions. It has been a year of big fish. Albeit that fish of Mr. Kidson's on the Tweed has been whittled down a pound or two from the weight as first published, it still remains a very respectable monster of fifty-five pounds. That dramatic little stream, the Awe, has given big fish also, and so has that wonderfully improved salmon

river of the South, the Wye. The most wonderful day of the fishing year is that recorded from the Wye, when Captain Walter de Winton caught seventeen fish to his own rod. Yet, even so, that beautiful stream has not done on the whole any better than in some recent years, for though there were these days of extraordinary catches, there were also weeks and weeks together when hardly a fish was taken.

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL HUNT.



BRINGING THE HOUNDS TO THE MEET.

WHEN it happened to be my good fortune to be the guest for a fortnight of Prince Golitzine, the Master of the Russian Imperial Hunt, I knew that I had an interesting time before me. Leaving the Warsaw Station in St. Petersburg, a three-quarters of an hour's run sufficed to cover the distance to Gatchina, some thirty odd miles, where are situated the

Imperial Kennels. Gatchina, it may be mentioned, is a garrison town, adjoining which is the magnificent park in which are situated the Prince's hunting box, the kennels and a fine set of buildings housing the Hunt staff. Without doubt the most interesting feature of the kennels is the magnificent pack of wolfhounds, more commonly known in England as Borzois. It is doubtful if anywhere in the world so large and fine a

collection exists, there being all told some sixty couple; in addition also are twenty couple of English foxhounds, not used in their normal capacity, but in connection with the hunting of the wolf. Besides these are to be found eight couple of very handsome bearhounds, massive animals of a breed which is rapidly becoming extinct. Within a few hundred yards of the kennels are to be found the stables, in which are kept about one hundred horses used both for riding purposes and for the troika.

One of the most interesting and unique features, however, in connection with the Hunt is the bison preserves, one of the very few in existence and probably the finest, since the animals thrive so much in their natural surroundings that they breed freely, and thus maintain their numbers and high standard. The preserve contains over a hundred of these fine animals, which are turned out each springtime to do as they like in the huge surrounding forest, and,



WOLF BREAKING COVERT.



THE WHITE RED DEER PRESERVED IN THE IMPERIAL DEMESNE.

though they roam at will and scatter themselves over hundreds of square miles, the first signs of winter send them back to the paddock, one by one, and always in increased numbers. Although the bison are naturally of a quiet nature, the old bulls are sometimes dangerous and resent the intrusion of a stranger; consequently, the writer, when taking the photographs, was accompanied by the keeper armed with a huge axe.

The Master of the Imperial Hunt, His Highness Prince Golitzine, is a unique personality, one of the most famous horsemen in Russia, a fine linguist, and possessed of a fund

of interesting anecdotes connected with all kinds of sport. When in his company it is difficult to believe that he is anything but a typical English squire, so like is he in temperament and manner. He has several times visited England in the suite of the Czar. During several seasons he has hunted with our crack Midland packs. He has a profound admiration for our old English country homes, in several of which he has been a guest. He is a great sportsman in every sense of the word, and exhibits the same keenness, no matter whether with the wolf-hounds or badger-digging with his own private pack of terriers. During the winter season he resides in the official Hunt Lodge



A FOX LYING LOW WHILE THE HUNT PASSES.



AWAY!

at Gatchina, attached to which is the Guest House. Whenever His Imperial Majesty gets a respite it is his great delight to visit Gatchina for some kind of sport, and since the line from Tsarskoe-Selo runs alongside the park he is able to detrain at the point which may be most convenient.

What strikes the visitor to Russia is the hugeness of everything. The statues, the streets and the spaces all are vast. Then most other undertakings are carried out in a big way, and a pheasant shoot is no exception to this, it is nothing out of the ordinary for forty to fifty sleighs to be in com-

mission to convey guns and beaters from point to point. It should be mentioned that the distances from one beat to another on the Royal preserves are often very great. The birds are mostly of the Mongolian breed, and owing to their wandering propensities are shot before the snow melts, since afterwards they are able to find food outside the preserves, and possibly never return. The average bag on a Royal shoot may number anything between fifteen hundred and two thousand cocks, the hens are never shot at any time during the season in order that the numbers may be maintained. To an Englishman



A MAGNIFICENT OLD BULL BISON.



THROWING HOUNDS INTO COVERT.

the Imperial pheasant shoot is most picturesque, the costumes and cries of the beaters are entirely different to anything in our own country. The Royal estate is well stocked with hares, mostly imported from Ireland. At the same time, they assume a white coat in the winter, as do their native brethren. Both foxes and lynx are to be occasionally found in these parts, and are much prized when bagged, but they are gradually becoming scarcer, and to hunt them with any certainty of sport means travelling into wilder and more rugged portions of the country. The same also may be said of the wolf, and to hunt him now means a considerable journey from the kennels. Some years ago these hunts were carried out on a magnificent scale, special trains being chartered for the convenience of the huge army of guests, beaters and keepers. Most of these big trips have, however, been dropped since the revolution in 1905. The method adopted to hunt the wolf is interesting. The hunt takes place only in the winter months. After the place where the animal is lying up has been located by his tracks that part of the forest is "ringed" off and preparations made. The field remain mounted in the vicinity, most of them holding three Borzoi hounds apiece in the slips. Foxhounds are now thrown into the forest to make him

break covert, and then is to be heard a medley of sounds and cries strange to the English ear. At last a rustle is heard, and as the wolf breaks covert the three Borzois most conveniently placed are slipped on to him. After this follows an exciting rough and tumble gallop for the field. Should the quarry be able to stay for two miles, he will probably have shaken off the Borzois by that time. In most instances, however, they pull him down, and although unable to hold him, can make some little impression on his tough skin. On the arrival of the first horseman he is despatched or, as is more often done nowadays, he is tied up and muzzled. Then he is carted away and, after being on view for two or three days, is once more released.

Generally speaking, an old wolf can beat hounds on equal terms in most instances, so on some occasions slightly different tactics are adopted, the field sitting in their troika sleighs in which the Borzois are concealed at various points around the forest. As soon as he breaks covert the troikas start off, chasing him over the snow perhaps for as many as twenty miles before showing signs of distress, then at the right moment hounds will be slipped on to him from the troika. By these methods, of course, the hound is given a great



PRINCE GOLITZINE (in the centre) WOLF HUNTING WITH BORZOIS.

advantage. Prince Golitzine relates how on one occasion, after hunting an old warrior for thirty miles apparently half-dead and with bleeding mouth and drooping ears he took a new lease of life and managed to outdo three freshly-slipped hounds. This gives some idea of the marvellous staying power of the wolf.

It may be mentioned that in Russia the fox and the lynx are both shot, first of all being ringed in the same manner as the wolf, and it is a curious sight to see the beaters in their grey overcoats lined with sheepskin and wearing snow-shoes if the snow lies deep. The guns take up their positions at about eighty yards apart, each placed behind a white screen, matching the snow as nearly as possible. As soon as all is ready the shouting begins and the hunt is started. The gun that secures a fox or lynx on such a beat may consider himself lucky. Elk and bear are sometimes found in this district, though they are now becoming very scarce.

In connection with the Hunt and in an adjoining park are to be found wapiti, red and roe deer. The Czar, as is well known, is a lover of all kinds of sport. Duties of State, however, allow him comparatively few opportunities. Of one kind of sport he is particularly fond, and that is of shooting the capercailzie in the spring. This takes place in the early hours of the morning and preferably by moonlight. Leaving his Palace at Tzarskoe-Selo at midnight he will detrain from the line at the edge of the forest, and at a point as near as possible to where the rangers have reported the cocks to be singing.

Capercaillie, it should be mentioned, are shot roosting, first of all being stalked and then knocked over as they sit on the tree. As soon as a cock is heard calling, the gun at once makes in his direction, carefully starting to stalk him when at about two hundred yards distance. A peculiarity about a cock capercailzie is that while he sits on the top of the fir tree singing his love-song, which consists of a series of clucks, he is both blind and deaf to what is going on around him. It is, of course, during these periods of song that the gun makes his headway, stopping immediately the bird ceases to sing. After several little spurts, racing against music, so to speak, the outline of the bird

may be seen against the sky and he sings no more. Although these birds are shot roosting, the sport is at the same time most exciting; for one may never be quite certain how long a bird will remain on the same tree, and once he flies away, he may never be located again.

For most winter sports in Russia snow-shoes are indispensable, and skijöring behind a pony is a useful and easy way of getting over the country. Not the least interesting feature of the Hunt is its four handsome troika teams. The centre horse of the team is usually a fine, upstanding trotter, while the other horses are generally of smaller build and thorough-breds.

A most interesting character is Epiphany, the head-coachman, a native of the Caucasia, who can sit on his box indifferent to the most extreme cold, for his wraps are in proportion to the importance of his position as head-coachman to the Hunt of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of All the Russias.



LEY, A FINE SPECIMEN OF BEARHOUND.

IN THE GARDEN.

WISLEY'S NEED OF A COLLECTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am quite in favour of a collector being employed by the Royal Horticultural Society for Wisley, and think it an excellent suggestion.—FRED A ENNISMORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Earl of Lonsdale desires me to say that he agrees entirely with the proposal that the Royal Horticultural Society might usefully employ a collector of rare plants for experimental cultivation at Wisley.—F. CLARKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite approve of the suggestion that a collector should be employed by the Royal Horticultural Society for the purpose of experimental cultivation of rare plants at Wisley.—ARTHUR P. VIVIAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with what your correspondent says in his letter concerning research. I certainly think that, with all their accumulated funds and huge membership, the Royal Horticultural Society should have collectors abroad, and not rely on chance gifts or purchasing from firms who have been go-ahead enough to send out experts to collect for them. If they cannot see their way to find the money themselves, the Royal Horticultural Society could at least make an appeal to the members to find the money for them, and I am certain, if they did so, it would not be in vain.—W. O. CAUTLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I congratulate your correspondent "No. 3986" on the letter in your issue of November 15th and on having drawn so many replies to it. The Royal Horticultural Society want waking up, and I am delighted to see that most of your correspondents think so too. There is no doubt the society ought to have

one or more collectors of their own to help to provide suitable plants to cover the nakedness of the ponderous rockery they have erected at Wisley. It is a scandal that the society should at present depend on the generosity of the Fellows to provide them with plants, and as they appear to have made over nine thousand pounds clear profit last year, one would naturally suppose that they are in a position to purchase anything they require for themselves. Even the Royal Horticultural Society could hardly ask one thousand Fellows to subscribe a guinea each, as your correspondent suggests, to cover the cost of sending a collector to China or elsewhere. The fact is, I imagine, the society must have considerable difficulty in finding an outlet for the very large funds at their disposal, and seeing that there are now over thirteen thousand Fellows, I am the more astonished that they should still ask for more. Everyone complains of the overcrowding at the fortnightly shows in spring and summer, and if the membership is still further increased it will be practically impossible to see the exhibits at all. I do hope more Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society will ventilate their grievances, as, judging by the grumbling one hears in private, there must be a great many who are not satisfied with what the society do for their subscribers.—MARK FENWICK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to thank you, first of all, for your kindness in allowing some space to this correspondence, and I am especially gratified that it should have received some attention from the hon. secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society. If Mr. Wilks had taken the trouble to find out, by looking up my number, that I am neither a male, man, nor a famous Alpine nursery gardener, but only a very obscure and ignorant amateur, he would perhaps not have condescended to reply at all. I should never have dreamt of daring to propose any alteration in the labelling of plants at Wisley to the Superintendent on my own authority. The point I wished to urge was that it was surely for the honour of the society to see that this was done as efficiently as possible, and it was equally for the honour of the society that I expressed the opinion that many of its Fellows might prefer to owe their debt of gratitude for the introduction of new plants to the Royal Horticultural Society instead of to private individuals. I am grateful to Mr. Wilks for pointing out to me my mistaken ideas with regard to the trials of certain florists' flowers

and vegetables at Wisley. Possibly the very narrow limits of my own garden and the unjustifiable space taken up in it, in my opinion, by cabbages and such-like, has made me bitter on this subject, and I must confess, with shame, that the lengthy reports of them in the *Journal* bore me very much; but this is, no doubt, a personal and prejudiced view. I should be truly sorry to imply anything which could give offence to any Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, or throw any doubt on my personal loyalty and gratitude to this great body of good gardeners. My only object, Sir, in offering my letter to you was that I felt it might open an easy way of finding out the views of other Fellows on these matters; for might not my letter, being "only one out of an almost innumerable number of suggestions for spending money," have been otherwise consigned to the Vincent Square waste-paper basket? My hope now is that after this little airing of our views, some more important Fellow than myself may think it worth while to bring them before the Council. May I, with your permission, Mr. Editor, take this opportunity of thanking Mr. W. R. Dykes for his interesting and sympathetic letter.—No. 3986.

LILIES FOR THE OUTDOOR GARDEN.

IF we omit the Roses, there are few flowers more highly prized in the outdoor garden than Lilies, yet there are few that are less understood, or that present so many difficulties to the would-be cultivator. In some gardens such kinds as the Madonna Lily, the Golden-rayed Lily, the beautiful and newer Henryi, and a number of others grow like veritable weeds and give practically no trouble, while in others any amount of coaxing and attention fail to produce anything more than weak, attenuated, disease-ridden stems and a few ragged, anæmic-looking blooms that are an eyesore to both gardener and employer. If we were to analyse the reasons why Lilies possess so great a charm for all who love hardy flowers, I think this element of uncertainty as to their behaviour would be one of the foremost. Position and atmospheric conditions, it is said, have more to do with failure and success than low or high temperatures; but the man has not yet been born who can tell us exactly why, given precisely the same conditions and treatment, some kinds fail in one garden and flourish in others.

In spite of all this, Lilies will be grown in our gardens for many years to come, and if we tend them as well as we know how, and afford them what experience has taught us gives good results, in a large percentage of cases a fair amount of success may be anticipated, and there is always the possibility that they will quickly settle down and give us no more trouble than other and more common hardy flowers. No doubt many, though by no means all, failures have been due to the selection of unsuitable varieties. For instance, that glorious late-flowering Lily, *Lilium sulphureum*, can scarcely be expected to flower well outdoors, although in warm places it sometimes does so. But those who would grow Lilies outdoors should start with the kinds that give least trouble. They are a goodly host, and comprise such as *Brownii*, *candidum*, *chalcidonicum*, *croceum*, *excelsum*, *Hansonii*, *pyrenaicum*, *tigrinum* and *umbellatum*, all of which may fairly be expected to thrive in any good garden soil in the open border. When we come to such kinds as the Golden-rayed Lily (*L. auratum* and its variety *platyphyllum*), *Henryi*, *Batemanii*, *Humboldtii*, *Martagon*, *dalmaticum*, *speciosum* and its varieties, *szovitzianum*, *testaceum* and *wallichianum* *superbum*, we must give them rather better fare, rich loam that is well drained and containing some leaf-soil or a little peat being usually preferred. Then there is a third set, represented by *canadense*, *philadelphicum* and *Rozei* *superbum*, that need peat and moisture if we would have their flowers to perfection. The first-named set ought not to give us much trouble, if we except that capricious

and beautiful species, *L. candidum*, or the Madonna Lily. In cottage gardens one often finds this thriving and flowering year after year with practically no attention, yet in many good gardens where other plants are grown to perfection it almost refuses to grow. All sorts of theories have been put forward to account for this, but none has proved quite reliable in actual practice, as many know to their cost. Early planting in a sunny position and then leaving well alone for years would seem to be the best course to adopt. The second group, as already stated, need richer soil than that usually afforded the others, and they also appreciate some shade for their roots. With this object in view they are usually planted in beds of shrubs, the dwarf or low-growing kinds, such as *speciosum*, between such plants as Heaths, *Pernettyas* and *Skimmias*, while the tall ones, such as *auratum*, find a happy home among *Rhododendrons* that have not yet reached large dimensions. The third group named prefer shaded woodland glades or the margins of pools, where their roots can always be cool and moist.

The best time for planting Lily bulbs has always been more or less a puzzle to the uninitiated. Those who have studied their requirements, however, prefer to plant in autumn whenever the bulbs can be obtained. Unfortunately, many of the imported

bulbs, on which we have to rely for planting, are not obtainable until nearly Christmas, and it is safest with these to pot them up as soon as received, and either grow them on in pots for one year or plant them out carefully in the spring when growth is well advanced. But home-grown bulbs, or at least those that have been grown in this country for one season, should be purchased whenever possible, and these are undoubtedly best planted in autumn, say from October till the first or second week in December. The Madonna Lily ought not to be planted later than early September, as new growth commences then. A good general rule in planting is to cover each bulb with about three times its own depth of soil, though with the Madonna Lily I would prefer to keep the bulbs nearer the surface. As a protection against slugs and stagnant moisture, each bulb should be surrounded and covered with sharp sand, preferably silver sand, before the other soil is placed in the hole. This is a simple precaution that has saved the lives of hundreds of choice bulbs. When planting Lilies in beds of shrubs it is a good plan to sink halves of paraffin casks, with their bottoms



A GROUP OF *LILIAM TESTACEUM*.

knocked out, in the beds; fill these with suitable soil, and put the Lilies within their confines. This will prevent the roots of the shrubs robbing the Lilies of nourishment that is so essential to their well-being; but all traces of paraffin must be eliminated by burning before the tubs are used. These casks are made of very hard wood and will last in good condition for many years. Very large drain or sewer pipes would answer the same purpose, and possibly be even better for the Lilies, but they are more difficult to obtain in many districts, and would no doubt cost more at the outset, though they would be practically everlasting. Protection of this kind is not absolutely necessary; I have seen Lilies grown in beds without them, but it was necessary to lift the bulbs about every second or third year, cut away the roots of the shrubs and put in new soil. The accompanying illustration of a fine group of *Lilium testaceum* gives an idea of the beautiful effects that Lilies of this type give when grouped in the garden.

In addition to the Lilies named, there are, of course, many kinds that might be grown outdoors, but they are mostly plants for those who have fully mastered the subtleties of the more easily grown kinds.

F. W. H.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE TWO MOUNTAINS.

BY
ARTHUR RANSOME.



THERE were once a boy and a girl who lived together in a little stone house on a high mountain overlooking the world. They were as much happier than

the people of the world as their mountain stood above the plain on which all the houses of the world are built. Every evening they sat at the door of the little stone house and looked through the dusk, far away to the other side of the world, where there was another mountain as high as that on which they lived. And in the blue twilight, and in the purple dark, a silver light shone on the top of this other mountain, as if it were a spark dropped from the moon, or a torch lit from a star. That point of white fire seemed so far beyond the world that it might have been a light in the sky. But by day they could see the steep blue mountain, and at night, though the stars changed throughout the year, the light was always there.

"It is lovely," said the girl, thinking of her own companionship.

"It is beautiful," said the boy, and the girl pricked her finger, crushing a rose in her hand.

They watched it every night.

"It is sad," said the girl, looking in the boy's face.

"It is wonderful," said the boy, and the girl looked for the light, but could not see it, because of the dimness in her eyes.

And there came an evening when the boy turned from looking at the light, but could not speak his thought. But the girl knew it, and spoke: "Better by all the happiness we have had that you should go to seek that light, and that I should send you, than that you should stay here for my sake while I can read your longing. Better that you should go, even if you should never return, than that you should stay unwilling where we have been so glad."

And the boy looked at the distant light, and at his friend, and he was ashamed in the twilight, for he knew that he wished to go.

"You shall go," she said. "You shall go now, before I let my sorrow weight your footsteps. But while you are gone I shall sit here at the door, and hold my heart in my hands. It is wound about and about with fine silk to shield it from the cold winds that blow up out of the world. You shall carry the end of the silk with you. So we shall not be separated. Do not turn aside as you go, for perhaps the silk is but just long enough. Pray, too, that the journey be not too far, lest all the silk be unwound and the cold wind blow in upon my heart."

And she gave him a thread of silk, like gossamer, and tied it about the little finger of his left hand. He set off down the mountain side, and she sat in the doorway of the little stone house, watching her heart leaping in her hands as the gossamer drew out, leaping like a live thing caged in her fingers, so that her breath caught.

As he went away down the steep sides of the mountain, it seemed to him for a moment that he was leaving warmth for cold, clear bright air for river mist. He looked back once, and it seemed there was a glow about the hands of the girl as she sat there in the doorway. Her face was lit up, pale and quiet, but he did not know by what light. And then he looked far away before him and saw the star shining on the mountain. When he hurried on he seemed to hear the low cry of a hurt thing behind him. But he strode down the scree, with that distant flame a promise in his eyes.

And so he came down on the broad plain where all the houses of the world are built. He was like a stranger passing through a town by night. In some of the houses there were pale yellow lamps burning behind blinds. And he heard the cries of birth and the groans of death and the shouting and singing of revelry; and these were islands of sound in a sea of silence. A foreigner to all, he walked on quickly, and the gossamer lengthened behind him, and on the mountain top in the doorway of the little stone house the girl sat, her heart leaping painfully in her hands as the silk unwound.

The day broke and the world was full of hurrying men and women, and the sightless windows of the night became so many eyes staring upon the traveller as he went by. But the boy walked

on between them and through the hurrying crowds. Now and then the houses hid the mountain from him, but again, at a corner of a street, he would see it clear before him in the distance, with the light upon its summit, like a great jewel blazing in the sun. He wondered at the people of the world, that they were not also hurrying toward the light, all hastening in one direction. But some went this way, some went that, with eager, worried faces, and though he looked to one side and the other, he could not see the lights that drew them, and so he walked on, wondering.

That day, when he was half way across the plain of the world, he saw a girl hurrying towards him. In her eyes was the same hope that was in his own. She seemed more real to him than the people of the world, as if she had been his sister. And she was so eager and swift as she hurried along that he was sure that she, too, was seeking the light that shone upon the distant hill.

And when they met they stopped for a moment. "Surely you have lost your way in the dark," he said; "the light is shining on the mountain behind you; I can see it when I look above your head."

"No, brother, it is you who have missed your way. The light is shining on the mountain before me. It is there, gleaming in the sun."

He looked back, and on the mountain he had left there was a bright light, like a jewel burning. He turned again and the light still shone on the mountain before him. "That is strange," he said, "but I must hurry on."

The girl said nothing, for she was already running towards the mountain he had left. And as he looked it seemed to him that there was a gossamer tied to her finger, a crimson gossamer lengthening behind her, as far before him as he could see, quivering like a live thing, like a spider's thread with the dew upon it, blowing in the sun.

"And that is stranger still," he said, as he quickened his steps.

Evening came and night fell before he reached the bottom of the mountain. The houses of the world closed their eyes. Only behind a few pale blinds he heard the cries of birth, the groans of death and the shouting and singing of revelry. And his feet sounded in the silent streets, beating swiftly on the pavements as he ran. For though at first he had gone tenderly, thinking of the heart that leapt in his friend's hands at the door of the little stone house, now, as he drew near his desire, he cared not, but ran, jerking the gossamer behind him, impatient with it, feeling it irksome to his finger.

He left the plain on which all the houses of the world are built and began to climb the steep sides of the mountain. He stumbled on the loose scree, and cut his knees and his hands as he fell, and struggled up and climbed again. Sometimes he could not see the light, but ever before him strained another gossamer like a quivering thread of thin red fire, and he thought of the girl he had met on the plain. And the thread that was tied to his own finger dragged behind him, but he did not think of it at all. And then the light shone again before him, and he fought his way upwards with his eyes on fire.

At last he came near the top of the mountain. There was a little stone house on the top of the mountain. At the door of the house a boy was sitting, and he held something in his hands that leapt and struggled, and lit his face with a bright light, as if it had been a spark dropped from the moon or a torch lit from a star. The boy's face was as pale as white stone, and there crept out from his hands with swift jerks the thread of crimson gossamer.

And suddenly, when the traveller was a few paces from the house, he saw the end of the crimson thread leap from the boy's hands who sat there, and the boy cried aloud, a short cry, that seemed to be echoed from the other side of the world, and fell forward on his knees, and the light went out. And at the same moment the traveller felt no longer his own gossamer pulling on his finger. He looked and it was as if a thin line had been drawn round his finger in grey ash. And the traveller was alone upon the mountain.

The dawn rose, and he went slowly forward to the little stone house. It was crumbling into ruin, and in the doorway sat a boy,

dead, with a little piece of stone, dead, in his hands. The traveller looked over the world to the other distant mountain he had left, and there also was no light.

And in the sight of God, from the tops of those opposite mountains, an old man and a crone went shambling down to take their places among the people of the world.

TRUG-BASKET MAKING.

THE manufacture of the shallow wooden baskets extensively used by gardeners and known as "trugs" or "trucks" is almost exclusively carried on in the village of Herstmonceux, in East Sussex. The word "trug" is undoubtedly derived from the Saxon *Trog*—a trough, wooden vessel or a boat. Trug-baskets in their present form, however, cannot lay claim to any great antiquity. They were first constructed

by Thomas Smith, a native of Herstmonceux, at the close of the eighteenth century, and the industry is still carried on by his descendants. The first trugs were made of chestnut and oak; but they were cumbersome and heavy, and in subsequent attempts sallow was used. The baskets made now are almost all constructed of sallow, with the rims and handles of ash. They are surprisingly

of the requisite quality. Latterly the wood has had to be obtained from East Kent. The sallow, which is purchased in the form of tree-trunks, is sawn into logs, which average from two feet to four feet in length, according to the size of the trugs in demand. Each log is then split into the thin boards which form the body of the trug. The operation of splitting requires a certain amount of skill to be done accurately and without waste. It is performed with a long-handled axe, the cutting edge of which, instead of being parallel to the handle, as in an ordinary axe, is set at right angles to it. When splitting the logs the workman, after driving the



IN THE WOOD YARD, CUTTING THE SALLOW INTO LENGTHS.

light, very strong, and will stand a great deal of hard wear. A typical trug-basket essentially consists of five, seven or more thin but wide strips of sallow, the ends of which are bent upwards and secured by means of nails to an oval rim of ash. A handle is attached, and two strips of ash pass under the bottom of the basket to give additional strength. Most trugs are furnished with "legs"

—two strips of wood nailed across the bottom. Although simple in construction, trugs are not easily made, and the knack of so doing is only acquired by constant practice. The sallow, or "sally," as the workmen call it, was formerly obtained from the immediate neighbourhood of Herstmonceux, but at the present time considerable difficulty is experienced in getting timber in sufficient quantity and



SPLITTING SALLOW LOGS INTO STRIPS.

axe in two or three inches with a mallet, places the log between two stout wooden bars affixed to upright posts, as seen in the illustration. A steady downward pressure on the extremity of the axe-handle forces the blade at an angle, and this effectually splits the wood. In the fourth illustration a workman is sitting astride a "dolly"—an ingenious wooden contrivance forming



A SUSSEX TRUG MAKER AT WORK.

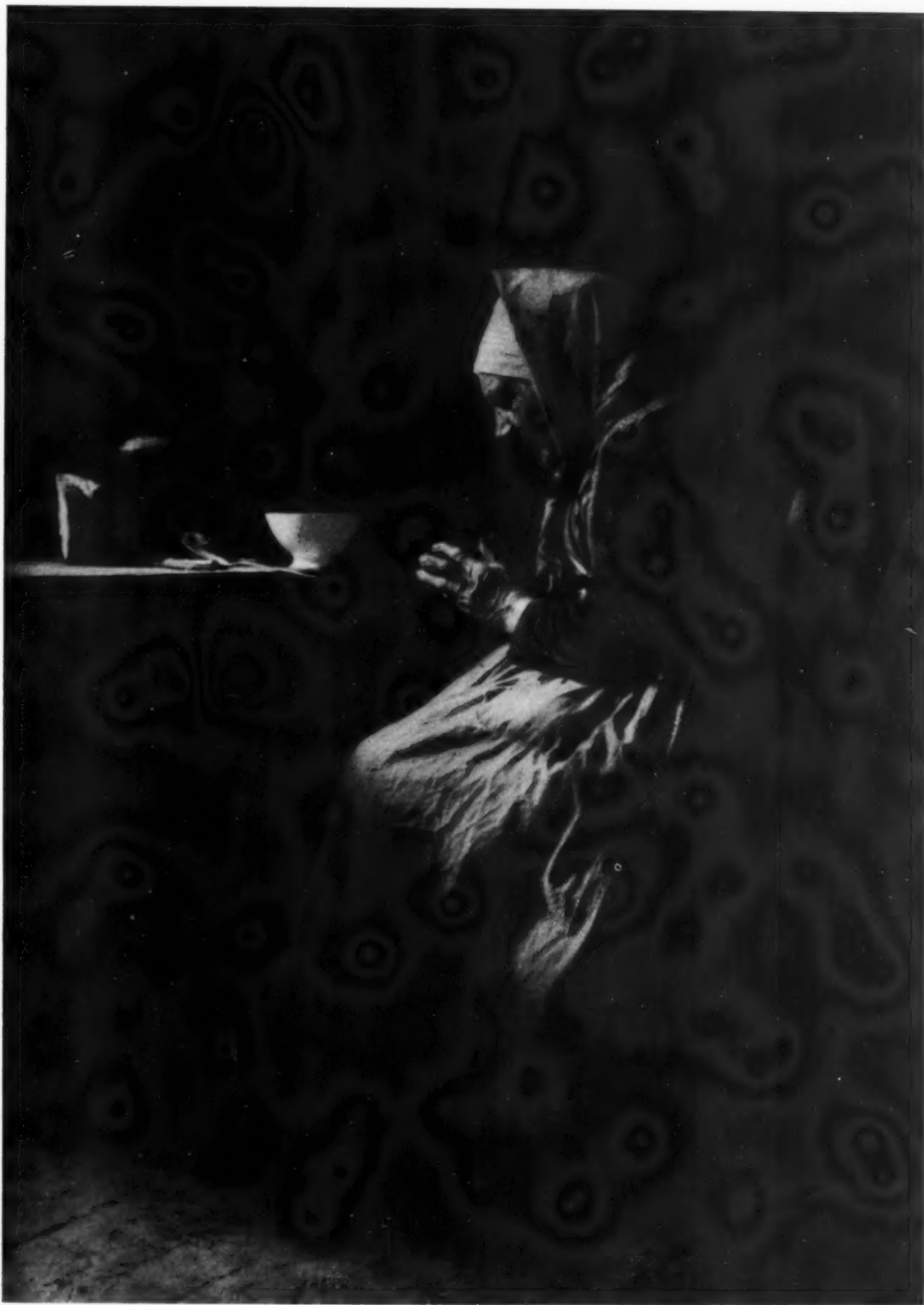


FINISHED TRUG BASKETS.

both a seat for the worker and an adjustable vice to hold the wood. Using a draw-knife, he is shaping the flat pieces which have been split from the logs. These pieces, which form the body of the trug, are made sufficiently thin to be quite pliable. The long, narrow strips of ash, used for the rims and handles, after being cut to the required length, are tied in bundles and soaked in water for a few days in order to make them supple.

Trug-makers are engaged by piecework, and each worker constructs his trugs from beginning to end. Consequently the work is not so wearisome as it would be if each special process was undertaken by individual workers. The average weekly output of each employé is about six dozen. From Herstmonceux trugs are sent to many countries of the world.

H. S.



J. Shaw.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

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NIGHT IN LONDON.

EMERGING from a West End theatre a companion remarked to me: "This makes me glad to be a provincial. It's lost on Londoners." I knew his meaning. The Londoner may be proud of London in his negligent, unenthusiastic way; he may love London, perhaps be sentimental about London, and (not inconceivably) exaggerate London's cosmic importance. But

can feel in a lifetime. This emotion is, as has been said, largely romantic. It is also, however, appreciative in the artistic sense. The provincial sees London as a series of pictures. Doubtless the intelligent Londoner sees them too, but he is usually far less conscious of them than is the provincial, even the provincial who has lived in London for years. My companion at that theatre, standing on the kerb and watching the packed



Giles.

LAMBETH PALACE AND ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL.

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he seldom is thrilled by London. That sensation is reserved for the provincial. Whether it is a sensation to boast of depends on one's point of view. Those who count romance as a poisoner of clear judgment might perhaps regard the provincial's thrill with scorn, for the thrill is the tribute of an incorrigible romantic. In the North especially, even in

traffic slide past in the sheen of the electrics, was acutely aware of his own delight in the spectacle. Having myself had the good fortune (I may as well divulge it) to be born a provincial, I could gauge both his awareness and his delight, and had often marvelled at the manner in which Londoners seemed to miss them. Mr. Arnold Bennett has touched on this in more than



Giles.

WESTMINSTER BY NIGHT.

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the huge towns, London is a name which calls forth the liveliest anticipations of adventure. There is something ingenuous in the awe with which the young Northerner will speak of the goal of London. But, as compensation for his extravagant notion of the wonders of the metropolis, he extracts more joy from it, when he does visit it for a week, than the cockney

one of his novels, notably in his first, "A Man from the North," a work whose literary merit is, in my humble opinion, too little recognised. The provinces, as far as I know, do not impress the Londoner as London impresses the provincial; and though this naive reflection may arouse an ironical smile, it is less trite than it sounds. If we who come from the North have a capacity



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ACROSS TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

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TOILERS OF THE NIGHT.

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for admiring the Thames, Westminster and Whitehall, why should those tremendous stage-settings for the human drama, the Clyde, the Mersey, the Black Country, or even Edinburgh's beautiful Princes Street, find the Londoner *blasé*? Can we provincials be blamed for reckoning the Londoner rather unresponsive? We envy him the magic of his city. Our enthusiasm for the glamour of London reaches its height after dark, when the lamps are lit. Some of London's most famous thoroughfares are, let us confess, a shade disappointing to us by daylight. The Strand—that Mecca of the Bohemianism celebrated in music-hall ditties—has commonplace architecture, an unremarkable vista, and is narrowish as important streets go. Regent Street, during the day, is only really fine in sunshine. Leicester Square is ugly. But at dusk the more vulgar details vanish, concealed behind the glitter of a dazzling jewellery of lights. A dim cobalt skyline is still visible, but the crudeness of the roofs and chimney-pots has gone. Down below, each shop window is a sparkling cave of multicoloured treasures; and the pavements, thronged with promenaders, furnish forth a spectacle of animation on a scale which only great capitals—Berlin, Paris, New York—can match. When the plays are due to begin we have another entertainment: the rush of

vehicles to the theatre porticos. Wealth suddenly floods out from its homes and from the restaurants. Every automobile, as it moves noiselessly past on bulging tires, gives us a dainty peep-show glimpse of its lit interior. Exquisite toilettes loll against the rich upholstery. The corner of Long Acre and Bow Street, on an opera night, almost suffices to persuade us that the world's money is concentrated in London. Car after car, in a slowly advancing line, marshalled by police, creeps round the curve and down to Covent Garden's blazing entrance-doors. Each car contains its intimate group, exquisitely dressed, and (to that gaping provincial of ours) sublimely unperceptive of the moment's true splendour. Within the Opera House the pageant of luxury is even more amazing. And the same gorgeous *divertissement*, on a smaller scale, is seen simultaneously, every night, in thirty or forty West End theatres; can be seen, night after night, without repetition! While outside in the street there is a carnival, impromptu and undiverted by its own antics, scarcely less entralling, gemmed and tinselled and decorated no less lavishly.

The wise stranger reserves a night free from theatre-going for a stroll through Central London's streets. Of course he must see the Embankment, where a noble curve of lights trails its

reflection, like a flung-down necklace, in the water from Blackfriars to Big Ben. The monstrous tram-cars, not very impressive by day, are glass caskets of effulgence, spinning along their polished rails below the cliffs of the Cecil and the Savoy. The more squalid South side of the Thames displays an illuminated advertisement or two, exasperations to the aesthete. Westward, St. Stephen's lifts a fine silhouette athwart a vague flush of radiance beyond. The light in the clock-tower shows that Parliament is sitting; and a "late extra," bought in Northumberland Avenue, will tell us what the talk has been about. We have forgotten it by the time we enter Trafalgar Square, where the silhouette of lions and Nelson's Pillar are clear-cut against a flare of gold at the Coliseum in St. Martin's Lane. Those spots of extremer dazzlement always mark a theatre—though the picture-palaces are now nearly as blatant. Up by Charing Cross Road and round into Coventry Street or Shaftesbury Avenue we get the



Giles.

IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

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impression that the whole of London is given over to the pursuit of pleasure.

This is theatre-land: the vortex of gaiety's whirlpool, only excelled, perhaps only equalled, by our American friends' fabled half-mile of Broadway. Why go inside any theatre when this tableau is to be seen free outside? Why bother with burlesque and ballet when the evolutions of London's million pedestrians roll and unroll, tangle and untangle here? Why seek comedy and tragedy behind footlights? A hundred yards of Piccadilly Circus exhibit enough comedy and tragedy to last for many an evening. That, I think, or something like it, is how our provincial often feels after his walk through London at night. Should he be temperamentally a countryman, fond of the fields and the fresh air of heaven, he may be glad enough to see the last of this exhausting and garish wilderness of houses and lights and hectic activity; but, even so, he cannot fail to derive some amusement from just those aspects of it which leave the Londoner cold. The Londoner buys all his pleasures too directly. A theatre is to him a place wherein to see a play, a café is a place wherein to obtain meat and drink.

To a stranger a theatre is a place wherein not only to see the play, but—this is a gift supplied without charge—to see the playgoers; a café is a place wherein to get refreshment for the body with the addition of a still more stimulating refreshment for the mind. Pictures!—London at night is a bewildering and kaleidoscopic gallery of pictures; and even when the streets have emptied and no sound is heard but the hoot of a late taxicab or the trundling of an early market-cart, fresh compositions present themselves at every turning; mysterious and endless perspectives of lamps, strange, pale façades with blank windows rising like precipices from the canyon of the roadway, or colourless trees, in some deserted square, throwing the pattern of their motionless leaf-shadows upon the pavement beside the sooty railings. We provincials may, with an effort, forgive the Londoner for failing to perceive that his home is romantic by daylight; but if he cannot savour its romance at night we unhesitatingly accuse him either of a pose or of wilful blindness.

WARD MUIR.

THE ISRAELITES' TRACK FROM RED SEA TO MOUNT SINAI.

TO visit the Holy Land is a risk that many people prefer not to run; they would rather keep the picture of Jerusalem in their minds than witness the degradation of an ideal Jerusalem where humbug preys upon credulity at so many shillings per "holy site." Indeed, the faith and ignorance of a Russian pilgrim seem necessary if one would retain unspoiled the childhood's glamour of many scenes of scriptural association. In spite of drawbacks, however, the ever-increasing facilities of travel draw thousands and thousands to Palestine, many of whom return with faith stimulated and imagination strangely vivified. For the danger of disillusion is confined more or less to the cities, whose vulgar modernisation so utterly destroys any glamour of the past. The country, the atmosphere, the climate remain fortunately unchanged. To follow the route of the Israelitish Exodus, for instance, challenges comparison less crudely. To visit the scenes of the Forty Years' Wandering in the Wilderness, as Mr. Sutton did—*My Camel Ride from Suez to Mount Sinai* (Century Press)—apparently holds less risk of disillusionment. For the Desert does not change; the granite peak of Sinai may have crumbled, but it has not yet a funicular railway to bring it up to date; and no tramway line makes convenient, though hideous, the desolate shores of the wonderful Red Sea.

With a thrill of reverent awe, most artlessly confessed to, he looked upon the rock that Moses smote for water, the slope where grew the brilliant Burning Bush, the grey, waste plain where the Golden Calf enflamed the idolators, and the bleak, limestone heights whence Moses watched the battle against the Amalekites while Aaron and Hur held up his aching arms. With the eyes of the spirit he saw all this, seeking guidance nightly in his tent with prayer. He saw it, as Stephen Graham saw the Russian pilgrims at Jerusalem, from *within*. And, being thus in the proper devotional frame of mind, his simple account of it reconstructs the past as no critical or scientific report could possibly do. Readers can realise what the Children of Israel felt—their impatience, their boredom, their weary limbs, their cursing and despair in all the desolate encampments on the way.

Mr. Sutton followed the actual route, as Dean Stanley did in 1853, and his account claims only to be "jottings from my diary" that were made from day to day without any thought of publication; so, while the narrative seems colourless, and often naive, its lack of picturesque detail is amply atoned for by the sixty-six full-page photographs which give a most vivid idea of what the fortnight's journey on camel-back involved. From Cairo by train to Ismalia, thence to Suez and across the Red Sea from the Valley of Moses, some eight miles down the coast—and then, by easy

camp, always prepared in advance by Cook's dragoman, to Mount Sinai and its monastery. A good map shows the route, while the brief description and the striking photographs persuade the reader that he has almost witnessed a swift cinematograph performance. Formalities were considerable, it seems; a permit from the War Office had to be obtained, while the necessary camels and Bedouin for the journey were engaged by contract from no less a personage than the Archbishop of Sinai! All the Arab tribes, from Suez to Sinai, are under the control of the Sinai convent, each tribe in turn supplying travellers with camels. The dragoman, in this instance, was typical of his race, and the actual start was attended with as many difficulties and delays as those the Israelites themselves experienced. For Mr. Sutton made the mistake of believing that when Iesa said a thing was done, it had been done!

From the journey itself one gets a vivid impression of a desolate and howling wilderness, "howling" with wind, not savage animals; of waterless *wadis*, unbroken by any sign of plant or creature life, their sandy floors strewn with gigantic boulders that earthquakes have shaken down from the surrounding peaks; of occasional delightful oases where the wells, though sometimes brackish, were plentifully filled; of crystal atmosphere, fierce heat, and gorgeous sunsets. The temperature varied between 35deg. Fahr. and 104deg. Fahr.; often the track (made by camels only) was flat enough to allow a motor car to travel smoothly; the average camel pace was three miles an hour, and Mr. Sutton calculated that his mount performed "a uniform five thousand swayings backwards and forwards per hour," involving much muscular inconvenience to a rider who had never been on camel back before. From little details such as these the reader pictures the daily trek and thinks of the host of weary Israelites on foot, with insufficient food, harassed by Amalekites and other disagreeable people, and blaming their leader for leaving behind the tempting fleshpots of their Egyptian slavery.

The loneliness was, of course, complete, an occasional Bedouin being the only humanity the little party encountered, except once, when, nearing Sinai, they came across two Englishmen sleeping in the open without tents or retinue, while they hunted for turquoises and kept a weather eye alert for ibex. One has a longing to know more about those two lonely Englishmen on their adventurous quest, but information is not forthcoming.

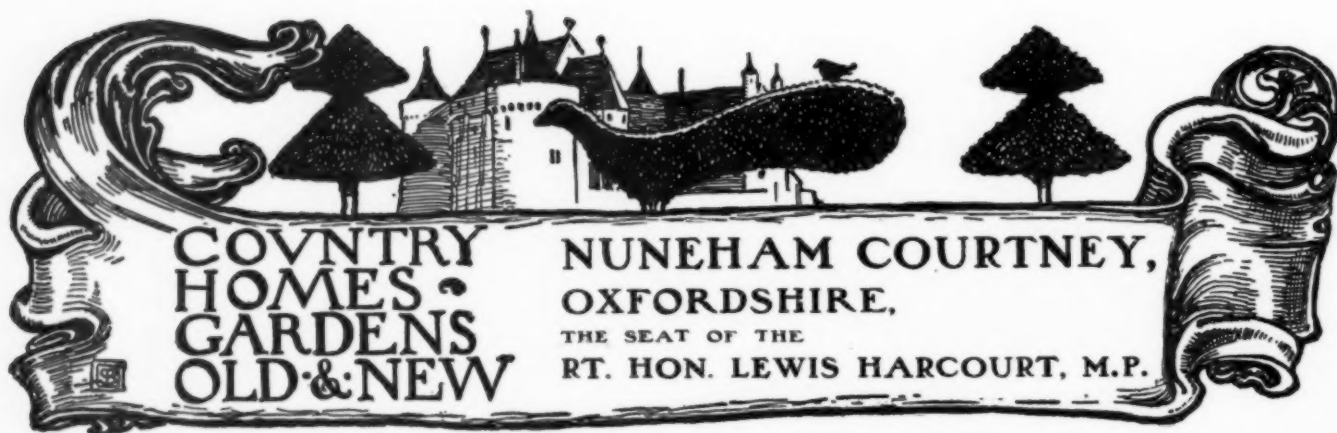
The mountains stand out boldly on this trip—not only the great bleak range of Sinai, but other hills as well, with naked ridges, gaunt cliffs and peaks of extraordinary formation. The colouring was most striking. Red granite mountains in the glory of the desert dawn must be seen to be believed; but it was the limestone strata that provided the weirdest framework of this desolate wilderness. For the limestone varied between yellow and brilliant whitish yellow to deep, forbidding black ("like refuse from a coal mine") where it has been calcined, and when the sunset bathed it all in the amazing splendours of fiery light, the effect was strange and terrible.

The afterglow in desert country can neither be painted nor described. The granite and limestone, too, were varied sometimes by veins of red-brown porphyry, black diorite, and glittering slabs of gypsum, transparent as crystal. There was certainly no lack of brilliant colouring to make up for the comforting greens of absent foliage, while at night in moonlight the effect was of some enchanted fairyland of purest silver. And in this setting Mr. Sutton reconstructed for his inner eye the procession of the great Jewish host, the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, the route by which Moses descended from communing with his Deity, smashing the tables of stone and strewing the powdered fragments "on the surface of the brook which descends from a spring on the western slopes of the Sufsafa." Beneath the "Mountain of Conversation" in the Wadi Feiran, which, by Arab tradition, is the mountain where God conversed with Moses, the Arabs still sacrifice to the memory of the Hebrew prophet, singing: "O mountain of the conversation of Moses, we seek thy favour! Preserve thy good people and we will visit thee every year."

The account of the visit to the Monastery of Sinai at their journey's end is interesting reading. They were courteously received by the monks, who now number only twenty-five instead of, as formerly, four hundred, and pitched their tent in a convenient spot outside. After attending a service in modern Greek, "three of the monks called and joined us at tea, when we had a most interesting talk with them about evangelising their Moslem 'slaves,' i.e., descendants of one hundred Roman and one hundred Egyptian slaves, presented to the Monastery by Justinian in the sixth century. They said that up till the English rule in Egypt their lives were in danger, one of the monks having been shot through the chapel window while celebrating Mass. Now, thanks to the English, all the country was peaceful and quiet, but yet they had not dared to mention Christianity to their Moslem dependents for fear of raising antagonism." A visit to the Charnel House is also mentioned, where the bones of the monks lie carefully piled up since the sixth century, but the bishops' bones are kept in boxes apart.

At the beginning of the book there is an interesting discussion of the various routes by which it is suggested the escaping Israelites crossed the Red Sea, and at the end, in an Appendix, the author gives an estimate of the actual number of the host. He apparently agrees with Dr. Hoskins of the American Mission, Beyrout, and author of "From the Nile to Nebo," that the estimate of 100,000 souls is most probably the correct one. The problem of feeding such an army in the desert Mr. Sutton describes might be of a kind to tempt the genius of Lord Kitchener!

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

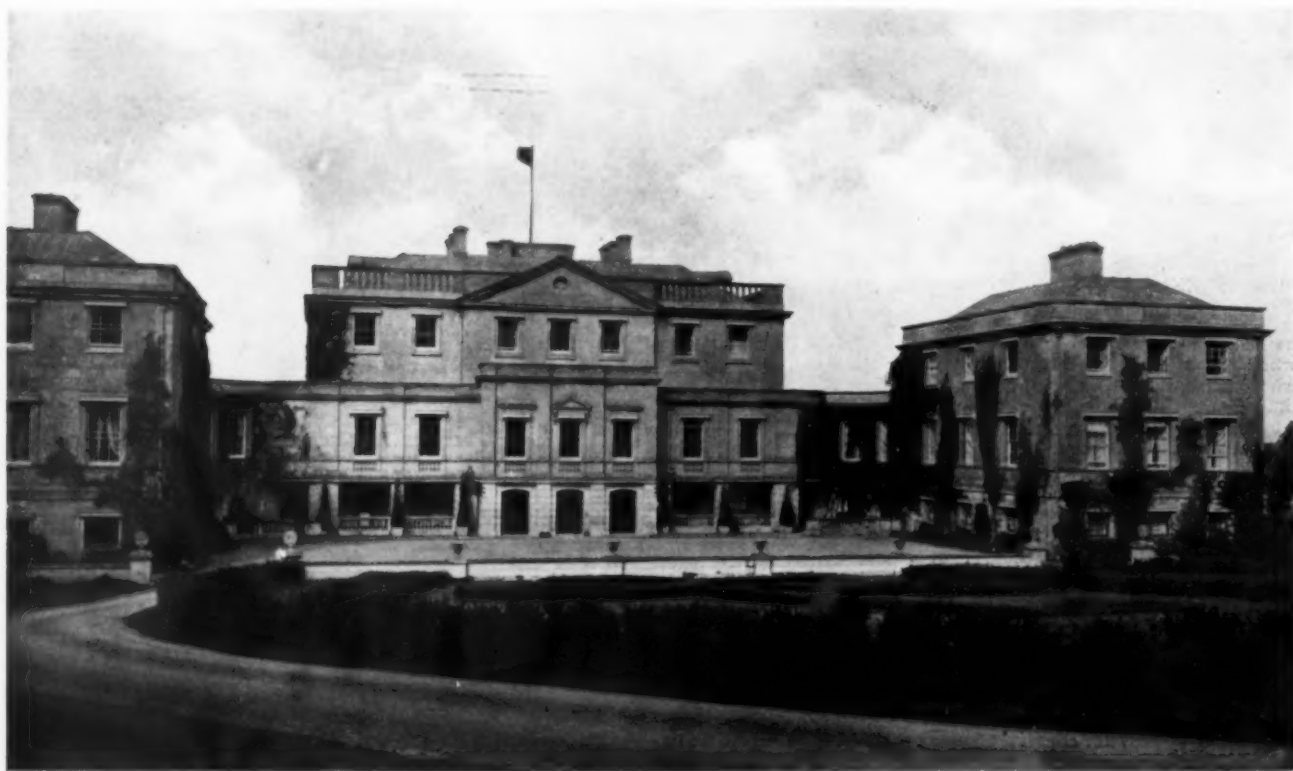


NUNEHAM COURTNEY—the very name sounds suggestive, historic or heraldic, and it seems to suit the family whose possession it is—the Harcourts of Nuneham. Yet the two, the place and the family, have not always belonged to each other, but rather have had each a long separate history. The epithet Courtney recalls the famous family, the “Courtenays of Devon,” whose immemorial glories had a glamour even for the cynical and lofty historian of the Roman Empire. And, indeed, it was through the marriage of a Devonshire bride, a daughter of the house of Redvers Earls of Devon, then its owners, that it passed, in 1214, to Robert Courtney, Baron of Okehampton, whose family held it through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Its history for the next three hundred years is interesting as showing the vicissitudes of an English seat and property, vicissitudes singularly like those we see going on every day. For a hundred and fifty years it belonged to another Devonshire family, the Pollards, whose monuments are still in what remains of the old church. Then it came into the hands of a city knight with the characteristic name of Sir John Robinson. His daughter again married a Scotch lord, David Earl of Wemyss.

Just two hundred years ago its present most interesting phase began. The family of Harcourt, historic and distinguished, like some others, alike in France and in England, had been attached for some five centuries to another picturesque, if less conspicuous home in the same county of Oxford, and higher up the same river valley, the village of Stanton Harcourt. The tradition which gives the popular etymology of the name is well known. A battle was raging, and the leader, who saw his forces being overborne, cried to a captain, one of the Harcourt house, to make good the defence. “Stan’ to un, Harcourt!”

with the effect that the day was won and the Harcourts became owners of the field. What is certain is that the Harcourts have never wanted for courage, and that their ownership of Stanton has been continuous for more than seven centuries, deriving from Queen Adeliza, the second wife of Henry I. There for five of these centuries they had their home, for the last two of them in the famous manor house, of which the Gateway, the Kitchen and an embattled tower remain. As their monuments testify, they were a family of much note, their connections and activities spreading far and wide over the country and, indeed, beyond. One in particular, Robert Harcourt, became one of the great “Adventurers” of the seventeenth century, and nearly obtained the whole of Guiana and Venezuela for his portion. He lost these and had to sell his estate of Wytham also; but he left a delightful account of his adventures in his “Relation of a Voyage to Guiana.”

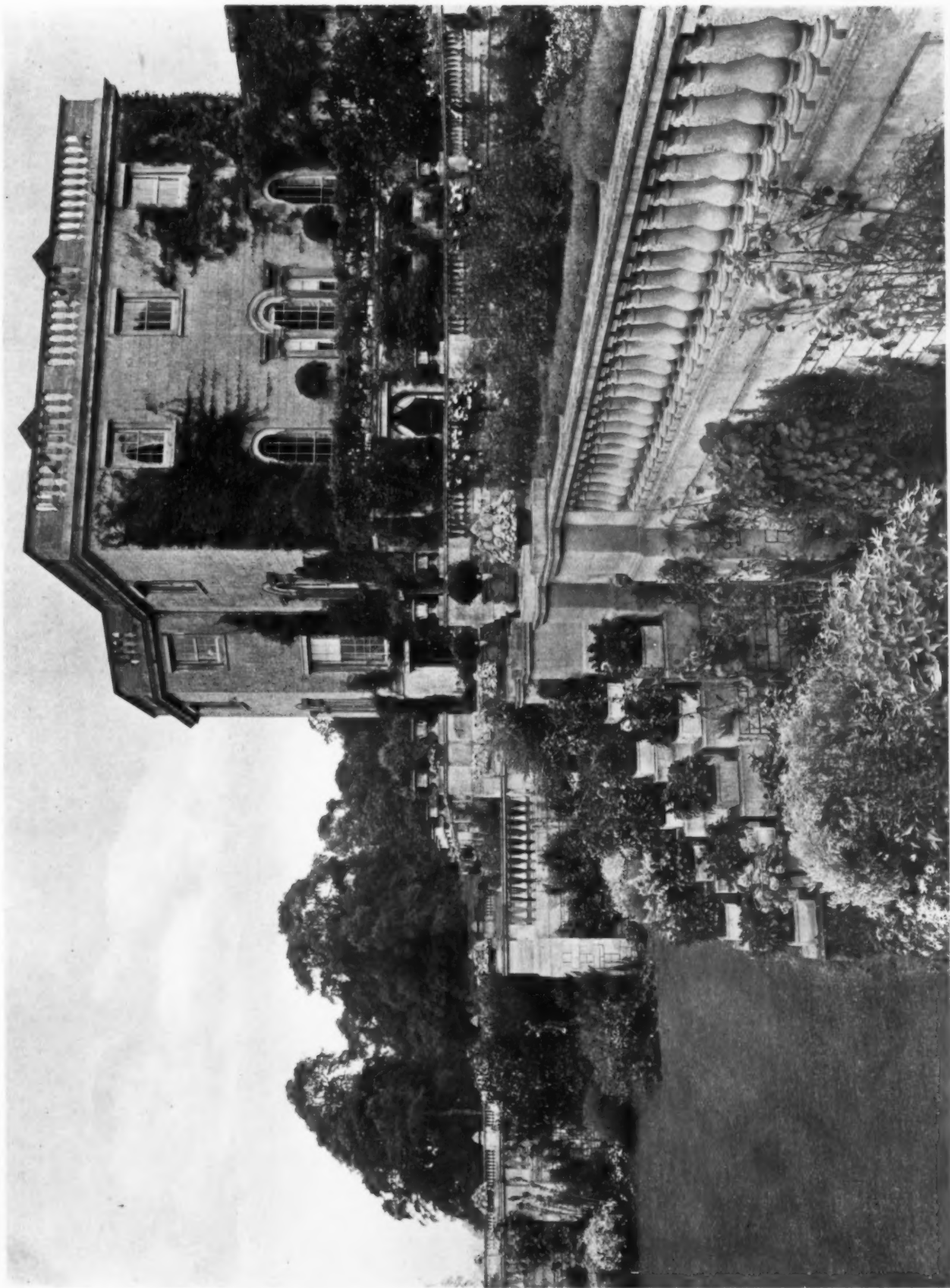
At the end of the seventeenth century Simon Harcourt, a son of this house, became a successful lawyer engaged in many interesting and some notorious cases. Among other things he prosecuted Defoe and he defended Sacheverell—the latter with a speech of which it is on record that “it was universally applauded by enemies as well as friends and his reputation as a speaker was fixed for ever.” He was made in course of time Lord Chancellor and Baron Harcourt. In 1710 he bought Nuneham. He did not, however, reside there, spending more of his time at Cokethorpe, nearer his old home. Of his sons, two died in infancy and the third in early manhood. He, too, had shown fair promise of excelling in law, eloquence and literature. He had written a set of verses addressed to Mr. Pope, and it was for his tomb that Pope wrote the epitaph which records alike the young man’s merits



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

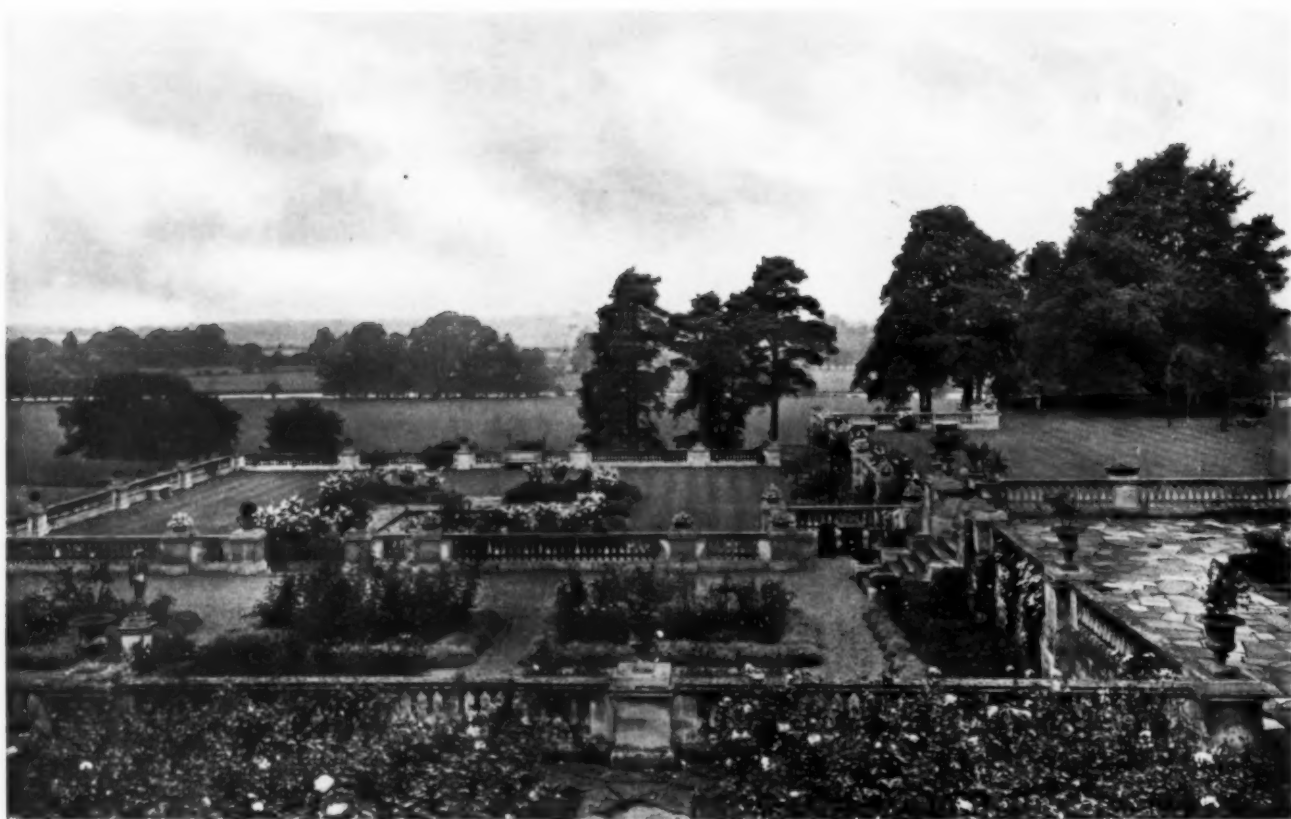
“COUNTRY LIFE.”



THE NEW GARDEN TERRACES FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE TERRACES FROM THE LIBRARY BALCONY.

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THE GARDEN STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and his father's and his own sorrow, ending with the well known lines :

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak !
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh ! let thy once loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own !

The friendship was a real one. Pope was a constant visitor of the family, and spent two summers in his " study " in the gray

with the Royal family, was guardian to George III. as Prince of Wales, and went on a special mission to Mecklenberg-Strelitz to bring back the Princess Charlotte as the young King's bride. In 1830 his line became extinct with the death of his younger son William, who bequeathed Nuneham to a spiritual peer, his kinsman, Edward Vernon Harcourt, the good-looking, stately Archbishop of York, one of the last of the old magnificent prelates who wore a wig and drove in a coach and six, his wife



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THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tower of Stanton Manor, which looks through an odd gap in the hills upon Oxford. It was the son of this second Simon by a daughter of John Evelyn of Wootton, who becoming the first Viscount of Nuneham Courtney and Earl of Stanton Harcourt, built, under the Georges, the house at Nuneham. Queen Anne, it may be noted, had visited his grandfather at Cokethorpe, and he was in intimate relations

following with a chaise and pair. His son, also a clergyman, the virtual founder of the British Association and the friend and fellow-worker of Davy and Wollaston, was in his turn owner of Nuneham, and from him it passed to his eldest son Edward William, then to his grandson Aubrey, and then back to his second son, the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Colonel Edward Harcourt deserves notice as the historian of the



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SOUTH-EAST ASPECT.

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THE POOL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

family, for, while for a time he sat in Parliament, he lived for the most part the useful, if quiet, life of a cultivated English country gentleman, and spent much of his time in arranging and editing the family records in the series of privately printed volumes entitled the "Harcourt Papers." The spirit in which he undertook this task is declared in the first volume. Would that it were more common in our great houses. It lives, fortunately, in his nephew, to whose lot it fell to complete the last volume.

At Colonel Harcourt's death Nuneham seemed to go to sleep. It was rarely opened; the owner was much away, or when at home lived *en garçon* in a few rooms. Now it has undergone a re-awakening like that of the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the *Bois Dormant*. The "fairy prince" who has given the revivifying touch is the present Secretary of State for the Colonies. Once more distinguished statesmen, soldiers, ambassadors, leaders in law and art and learning gather to it. Visits from King Edward VII. have revived the tradition of Royal guests. The house has been added to, the gardens terraced, extended, replanted; the collections cared for and increased; everything set in order. The old house was not very important or imposing. It was a double block connected by lower buildings and looking almost like two houses side by side. It had, however, a certain scale and style of its own which gave to it a modest dignity, the definite, determined, accomplished scale and style of the eighteenth century. This the present owner has had the good sense not to break through, to extend, or, as is so often done, to "distend." He has, however, very ingeniously added alike to the convenience and the appearance by throwing a new gallery and portico across the former front, at once masking, enlarging, and bringing together, the old double house.

As might be expected in the creation of the friend of Horace Walpole, a certain urbanity and rusticity combined, as of those who love not only the *rus in urbe*, but the *urbs in rure*, is the note of Nuneham. It unites with the English both the French and the Italian tastes. In one of the rooms is a white marble side table, bought on commission in Italy by "Horry" himself for his friend, and two black marble tables presented by him as a spontaneous addition. The present owner has had the same ideas and inspiration. The large drawing-room is hung with a splendid Italian crimson silk, bought by him in Rome, designed, but never used, for a church. The gilding has been carried out by Italian workmen. A second drawing-room is decorated in the Louis Seize manner, while Mr. Harcourt's own room is again Italian and adorned with a marble mantel-piece brought by him from Italy. An old feature showing now to better advantage is the fine staircase, with its massive yet elegant iron *rampe* and mahogany handrail delicately jointed and dovetailed so as to form a continuous whole.

The same fresh while conservative hand and discriminating appreciation have dealt with the contents, the records as they are of the history of the house. Among the family portraits may be seen the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds of the first Earl Harcourt, and also to-day, once more, that of Lady Harcourt, his wife. The story of this portrait is strange and characteristic. On the extinction of the elder English line it went to the



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JARDINIÈRE OF LEAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A GARDEN GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

French branch, only a copy by Opie remaining in the English home. Not long ago the French family, too, came to an end. Mr. Harcourt, who was on the look-out for it, found it had been sold to a French dealer. He applied to this dealer, but learned that it had been sold to a dealer in Leith. He applied to the dealer in Leith, but only to find that it

had been resold to France. Once more he turned to France, but again too late, for now it had crossed the Atlantic and was on show in a collector's exhibition in New York. Not to be baffled, he asked his friend, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, to look at it for him and report if it was much better than the Opie he already possessed. Mr. Morgan looked and liked and *more suo* presented it to Nuneham and its owner. Long may both retain it! As if to balance this good luck, the portraits of King George III. and his Queen, if an "Irishism" may be used, once were originals and now are copies. The Earl Harcourt who had them made came to have a difference with the King, and sold them to his friend Lord Jersey. The difference was made up. King George proposed to visit Nuneham once more. In haste Earl Harcourt sent to Middleton to buy them back against the King's visit. But Lord Jersey would not part with them, and the only thing to be done was to procure copies, which, indeed, look very well.



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A ROYAL SERVICE OF SEVRES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

When King Edward visited Mr. Harcourt the story was told him, much to his amusement.

A place of honour, naturally, is held by a portrait of Sir William Harcourt, painted in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer by Cope. "If I had been an eldest son and owner of Nuneham," he used to remark in jest—or it was

invented for him—"I should have been a Tory"; and, indeed, he looks quite at home in his place and company. Next him hang the benign features of his grandfather, the Archbishop. The portraits of the first Lord Harcourt by Kneller and those of Lady Waldegrave, Duchess of Gloucester, and of the three Ladies Waldegrave, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are justly famed.

The library contains a series of portraits of men of letters, and might indeed be called Poets' Corner, so rich is it in portraits of the poets. They are, it is true, mostly the bewigged worthies of Johnson's Lives, to whom modern taste hardly allows the name—Addison, Prior, Gay, Gray and the like. Pope, as befits the laureate of the house, appears here, and elsewhere too. But among them is a rarer and more valuable portrait of an earlier and greater bard than Pope, the beautiful presentment of Milton in his youth. Fortunate is it for us that it was taken, fortunate that it has been preserved and is in the present keeping,



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and, it may be added, in Milton's own county and countryside. For the original (it may be doubted if it was superior), given in exchange by Lord Harcourt to Lord Onslow, has disappeared, and this is the only known replica. It corresponds very closely to the description of the poet in Aubrey's "Short Lives." With its warm, brown hair and oval, regular face, girlish, yet not effeminate, and its prim, puritanical, yet becoming dress, it shows the famous poet as he was in his undergraduate days, or a little later, the virginal "lady of Christ's," the author of the early "Exercises," of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" and "Comus" itself, the Elizabethan Milton in the happy morning of life, before the sad sundering of England drove him to fiery scorn and fierce denunciation. Beside these there are other paintings of interest. Canvases by Caracci, Gentile Bellini and Murillo; portraits of Louis Quatorze and Philip Duc de Vendôme by Mignard; views of Stanton Harcourt by Paul Sandby; and a striking, if theatrical, landscape, almost the only one known, by Rubens, in which that audacious artist presents the sun shining brightly on the one side and the moon scarcely less bright on the other.

in another corner, looking to-day rather modern, but hereafter to be historic, is the illuminated address presented to Mr. Lewis Harcourt by the House of Commons when he gave up the post of First Commissioner of Works after the Coronation, bearing *inter alia* the signatures of three Prime Ministers—Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. Here, carefully preserved, is the little pane of red glass—it was a red-letter day—from the window on which Pope in his tower scrawled with a diamond, "finished the fifth book of Homer." Such is the house at Nuneham, not magnificent or grandiose, but with a charm and character of its own, dainty and debonnaire, which have always struck and held its visitors.

"Nuneham is not superb, but so calm, *riant* and comfortable, so live-at-able; one wakes in the morning on such a whole picture of beauty." So Horace Walpole, a lover alike of elegance and comfort, described it. A different witness in the next century, coming from America, Nathaniel Hawthorne, spoke of it as "perfect, finished, as if the years and generations had done all that the hearts and minds of the successive owners



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OCTAGONAL DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Treasures and trinkets of value and virtue again preserve the record of the achievements in arts and arms, with sword, pen and tongue of the various representatives of the house, not excepting the present owner, or of gifts from its many friends. Here notably is the Seal-bag of the Lord Chancellor, the founder of the house, a wonderful piece of Queen Anne needlework, truly "magnificent," with its twisted cords and tassels, its heavy bosses and elaborately embroidered Royal arms. Here is the silver salver given by Dr. Sacheverell in gratitude for the silver speech of his advocate and defender, and here the gilded baton of Field-Marshal Lord William Harcourt, one of the very few British officers who crossed swords with Washington and came out with credit, capturing his ablest officer, General Lee. Here, again, is a beautiful miniature, bought by the same kind and unforgetting friend, Mr. Pierpont Morgan who secured the portrait of Lady Harcourt, and sent down by special messenger one Christmas morning to Nuneham. Here, too, are the beautiful and costly set of Sèvres china made for the special fête that celebrated the return of King George III. to reason and his friends, and the cut glass decanters inscribed "to the patriotic King." Here

could contrive for the spot they dearly loved." And if this was true in the nineteenth century, how much more is it true in this twentieth, and under the present reign! Nuneham has always been favoured by Nature. The spacious park, natural and unspoiled, where the deer stalk or trip at will under the "secular oaks," as Sir William called them, and where in spring vast patches of bluebells seem, as Tennyson said, like "the heavens upbreathing thro' the earth," stretching away towards the river, and then the knolls and swift slopes, where, as the present Laureate sings:

Steeplly the thickets to his floods decline,

the islet in the river, and the river itself, so well known to Oxford parties at Commemoration time, these form a unique setting and framework to which art can only give point and purpose and make the grounds, as well as the gardens more properly so called, of Nuneham delectable. These have been famous from the first. The original scheme was that of "Capability Brown," who here found ample scope for his name-giving epithet. His groundwork was embroidered by Mason, the half-forgotten author of that now wholly forgotten poem,



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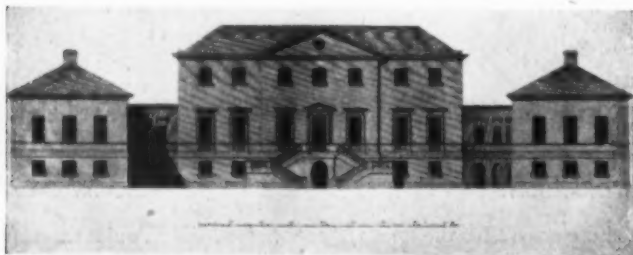
THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"The Garden," and reflects the taste of the age of his friend Gray for grottoes and mottoes, gazeboes and conceits, statues and all the topiarian art. In the mottoes Mason was abetted by the laureate of the day, a "small poet," as Johnson terms him—Whitehead.

On an eminence stands an object often depicted, historic and interesting, the "Carfax conduit," a finely carved stone fountain, the work of Otho Nicholson, and displaying in its stone traceries his initials, "O.N.," which was erected by him in 1610, to stand at the meeting of the *Quatre voies*, the High Street, the Cornmarket, St. Aldate's and Queen Street, which gave its name to Carfax Church at Oxford. The citizens, finding that it blocked the coaches, parted with it in 1787 to the second Earl Harcourt. Now they would gladly bring it back again. On another slope stands what is now the family chapel, and was once the parish church of Nuneham. For the model village, with its pleasing cottages in warm red brick,

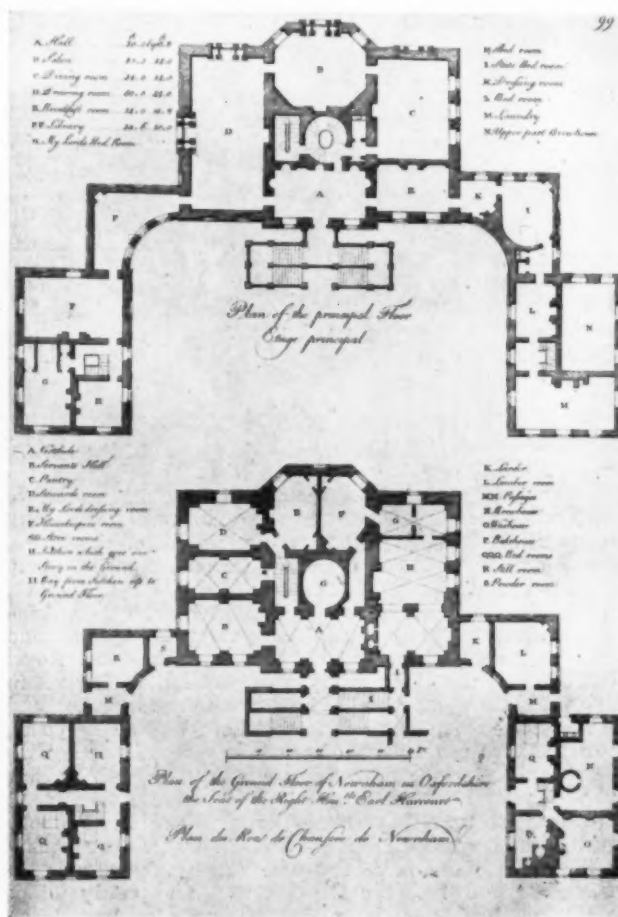
Harcourt and a beautiful marble portrait in low relief of Lady Harcourt, with a marble child lying underneath it. If the unavailing "pomp of heraldry" is not wanting, it seems here at least appropriate and historic. Above the chapel in the spring the gardens blaze with rhododendrons. Below, a long slope, bright in the same season with an ample bed of turquoise forget-me-nots,



FROM "VITRUVIUS BRITANNICUS."

which line so trimly the London road, is the result of the transplanting of an earlier hamlet from the site of the present house.

The old church was pulled down and replaced by the present structure. This, again, was converted by Colonel Harcourt into a family chapel and a new church built near to the present village. Whatever may be thought about its classic architecture, it is certainly more suited for its present than its former purpose, and Mr. Lewis Harcourt may fairly claim to have made the most of it and put it in comely and cared-for order. Dark Italian stalls have been introduced along the sides, a rich blue carpet, the Coronation carpet of Edward VII., bought after the ceremony in the Abbey was over from the Board of Works, covers the black and white marble of the nave, and a fine piece of tapestry lights up the western wall. There are a number of mural monuments, including an important one to Sir William



PLANS OF NUNEHAM.

leads down to the Water Garden, an ingenious artificial swamp with a bronze crane as its centre, where tame flamingoes let down their pipy legs into the weeds and preen their white and crimson plumage as if born to the place. But the real focus of all the pleasaunces is the new terraced Italian garden in front of the house, recently completed by Mr. Harcourt himself. The main terrace is supported by a curved bastion of massive stone. From it stretch other terraces and enclosed plots. In the cracks of the pavements flourishes an evergreen strawberry, tufts of various wall-plants push through the crannies and interstices artfully left in the masonry, which is draped, too, with climbing rosemary and other creepers. Leaden vases and figures dotted about accentuate the Italian character.

The view from the central terrace, as it was of old from the natural knoll out of which it is formed, is in its quiet way one of England's fairest, whether one looks up towards Oxford and sees the Royal river, the "silver Thames," so rightly called, coming down through green and placid fields, or south-eastward towards London, where it steals away beneath the overhanging woods in shining links and loops into the blue distance, or across to the elms and verdant slopes of Radley and the spire of Abingdon.

Another view on a terraced walk is one marked by a seat placed there at the suggestion of King Edward VII. Here on the one side may be seen the same slender tapering *flèche*, and on the other, "pricking into heaven," with its clustered towers, turrets, spire and dome, Oxford itself! The visitor is tempted to linger; but it is time to take leave. From the gardens it is but a step back into the basement of the house, for a low vaulted chamber gives on the main terrace. In former days a bachelor "den," devoted to smoking, it has been converted into "my lady's bower." An embossed Renaissance ceiling has been introduced, and the whilom gloomy, fume Inferno has been made a bright fragrant antechamber to Paradiso. *Tels jardins, telle maison, tel maître.* Nuneham always had, and must have, its charm. But it needs an owner who not merely owns, but loves, it, and understands its possibilities. It has had such owners before; it most certainly has one such now. Its inherited tradition of warrior-knights and sailor-adventurers, of chancellors and archbishops, of lovers of science and learning, of statesmen and economists, are happily gathered up in his hands. When as "Director" of the greatest and most various garden in the world, the Colonial Empire, the Secretary of State tendered in his speech on the Colonies the other day to the House of Commons his "annual report," it was no affected display of laboriously

acquired pedantry. It was made *ex animo*. When, a summer earlier, on an "all-golden afternoon," he invited the Colonial Premiers and representatives to a garden party, he had his reward, and Nuneham was in her right place, happy in welcoming and throwing open to these appropriate guests those ancestral glories, treasures and amenities of the old "home" land which are a legitimate pride not only to Britain, but to her scattered descendants in the daughter countries, and of which to-day their love and prosperity are more and more the surest stay, and the real, though unseen, guardian and guarantee.

T. HERBERT WARREN.

LAW AND THE LAND.

AT last we have got a decision on the much-debated question as to the true construction of the clause in the Finance Act that entitles a landowner, under certain circumstances, to substitute for the purposes of increment value duty some other site value of his land for the value fixed by the Inland Revenue Commissioners. Stated in outline, the Act provides that where land has been purchased within twenty years before the Act came into operation, *i.e.*, between May 1st, 1889, and April 30th, 1909, and the owner can show that the site value as based on the purchase price exceeds the site value as determined by the complicated process prescribed under the Act, he may have the site value at the time of purchase substituted for the site value as found by the Commissioners. Thus, suppose a valuation under the Act puts the gross or market value of property at £10,000, and the value of buildings, etc., at £4,000, making the site value for duty purposes £6,000. If the property was purchased, say, five years ago, for £12,000 and the buildings, etc., are about the same, the owner may say that the site value in 1909 was £8,000, and if he subsequently sells for £13,000, the buildings, etc., still remaining the same, he will only be liable to pay increment value duty on £1,000 instead of on £3,000, which would have been the increment under the valuation. So far, the Act is fairly understandable, but it goes on to say that the provision shall apply to a mortgage of the fee simple of the land in the same manner as it applies to a transfer, with the substitution of the amount secured by the mortgage for the consideration. Now, the revenue authorities have contended that where there has been a mortgage, the mortgage money alone can be taken for substitution purposes; and, of course, as a mortgage is generally for between one-half and two-thirds of the real value, the owner would by this construction lose practically all the benefit the substitution clause purported to give him. The case just decided shows this very plainly. In 1898 £1,600 had been advanced on the security of house property of the market value of £2,400. The Commissioners said that the £1,600 must be taken as the basis for arriving at site value, but Mr. Justice Scrutton took what will be considered to be a much more sensible and equitable view. He considered that on the usual assumption that the amount advanced was two-thirds of the real value, then £800 would represent the value of the equity of redemption, and that, added to the advance, gave £2,400 as the actual value, and it was from that £2,400, not from £1,600, that the site value should be calculated.



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DRAWING-ROOM.

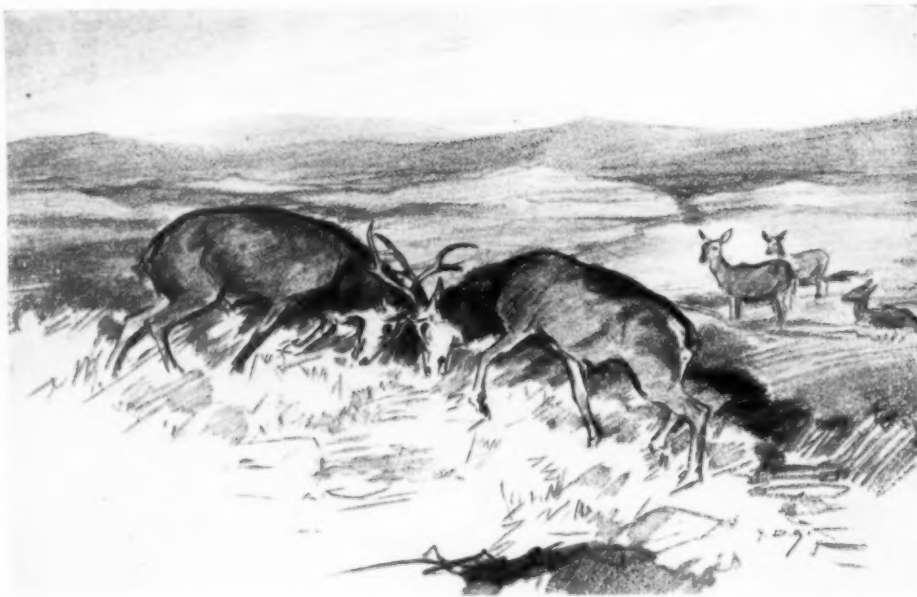
"COUNTRY LIFE."

SPORTSMEN AND NATURE.

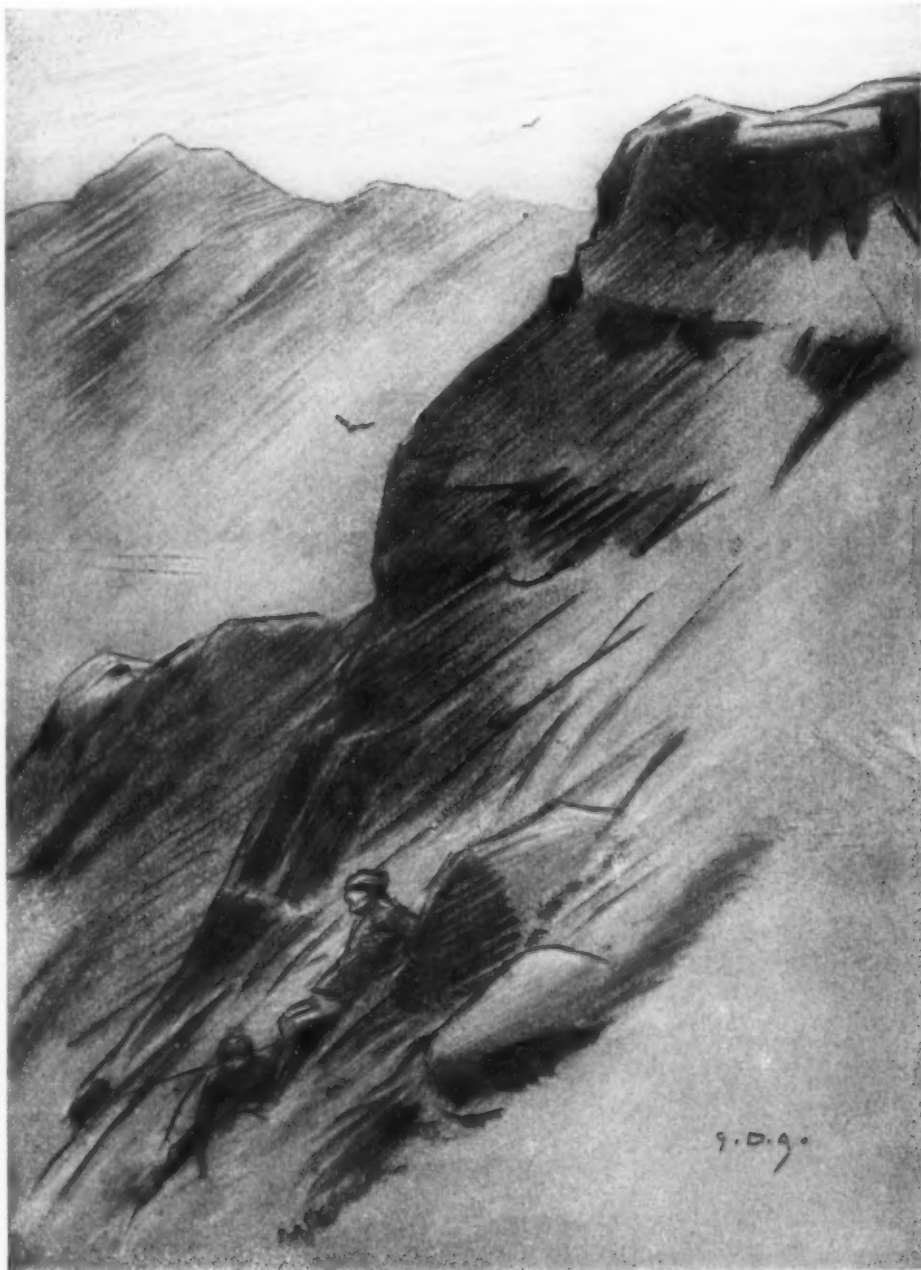
FOR some reason or other the sportsman is not credited generally with a great appreciation of art or things beautiful. In the matter of art he is supplied by the dealers in such things with what they have been brought up to believe are "sporting pictures," and, little else being available, which deals with his particular sport in the pictorial way, he accepts them for want of something better, and there-with decorates, or desecrates, his smoking-room. I venture to think, however, that in spite of this circumstantial evidence against it, the sportsman is in no way behind his brethren in good taste or love of the beautiful. The accusation of vandalism is a relic of days long gone past, when the sportsman, as distinguished from others, was generally a very uncultivated person of the country; then sport went with drinking and general coarseness. Fielding's Squire Western is possibly as good a type of the kind of man as we possess a picture of; but now the sportsman rarely differs from his neighbours in culture, manners, taste, or anything else, and is probably able to appreciate the beauties of art or Nature quite as well as anyone else.

The art dealing with sporting subjects is usually of not a very high order, as I have said above, but no one has the opportunities of seeing the beauties of Nature which fall to the all-round sportsman. He is near to her in all her moods and at all seasons, and blind indeed would be the man who could fail to observe her many beauties, and, observing, did not acquire a love for her. I have always thought that a very great charm about sport was that in the pursuit of it one is brought into contact with Nature and wild life in a way that would be impossible, or at least improbable, without it. Take fishing, for instance. Be it for salmon, trout, or even the so-called coarse fish, one finds one's self in places where it is very improbable one would be otherwise. The "show place," where people go in shoals to see some waterfall or view, has never held much charm for me. It may show a spirit of contradiction and contrariness, but I cannot help it. There are Highland streams and nameless waterfalls found quite by accident when fishing which are much more satisfying.

"Opportunity makes the thief," it is said, and surely the opportunity to observe must educate the power of seeing and be followed by a quickened sense, carrying with it in many cases at least an appreciation of what is seen. Who have such opportunities of studying the winter landscape as those who travel over it constantly like the hunting man? Motoring through a country, one sees a great many different parts, but always in such a hurried way that it is often impossible to absorb a quarter of what a more



A BATTLE.



WHERE THE EAGLES LIVE.



THE VALE.



A NAMELESS FALL.

leisurely survey would show. In hunting there are many moments of comparative quiet and leisure, when enjoyment of the surroundings must appeal to any except the very dullest. What gorgeous views of the English landscape—the most beautiful in the world—suddenly open to those possessing a seeing eye, when they emerge from a hillside wood and see the vale stretching below—dotted, it may be, by hounds and red coats as they move on to some new cover, the enclosed fields and brown woods making an intricate pattern in the mid distance and fading into the sky on the far horizon, as they seem to do so often in winter. The sportsman would have to be blind indeed who was insensible to the beauty of it all, and he would be quite an abnormal person if his taste and power of appreciation were not improved by spending his days among such scenes.

Take, again, the opportunities those have who are lucky enough to spend some part of the autumn in the North of Scotland, what wonderful places one comes upon in the course of a day's stalking in Ross or Sutherland. Rocky corries, never seen by anyone except the stalker, where only the deer and the eagle live, and where the sun only penetrates for the short time during which it is high enough to reach above the surrounding crags. Then there is the "sanctuary" into which one may look, or spy with the glass the grey purple depths of its big corrie, and see, perhaps, some great stag secure in the fact that no human foot is ever allowed to enter the forbidden land.

There is ground, too, upon the hilltops above, where neither grass nor heather grows, a stony desolation with here and there a little patch of moss and lichen, and few days pass without its being visited by the cold grey blanket of cloud, which, seen from below, looks like wisps of steam, but, to those lost in it, is wet, impenetrable mist. There one finds the beautiful ptarmigan, almost tame from being unmolested by man, their

only enemies the fox and the eagle. I once saw an eagle in pursuit of one of these, both birds passing quite near to me, too intent to notice my presence. On another occasion I saw the scene of a tragedy, the history of it was written as plainly as any account could have made it. It was a ptarmigan's nest, the eggs of which had been scattered when an eagle had lifted the sitting bird; one or two of the smaller feathers of the back added to the evidence and completed the story.

Another source of great interest are the deer themselves. Quite apart from the particular stag one may be trying to circumvent, one often gets much nearer to many other deer and has an opportunity of studying their ways at close range. In this way I have been within twenty yards of two young stags fighting just at the beginning of the rutting season and could hear the clash of horns and the grunting pants of the combatants as they pushed one another backwards and forwards as the inequalities of the ground favoured one or the other. On the same occasion two young stags came so near where we were lying, pressed in under the edge of a peat hag, that the nearest could have been touched with anything of the length of a fishing rod. All such little incidents and "by-products" of sport go to make up the charm of a sportsman's day and remove him from the reproach of merely having "gone out to kill something"—an old description of the Briton's view of life.

There are "superior persons" who frequent picture galleries—chiefly foreign ones—and travel immense distances to see some world-famed sights, who regard the sportsman with supercilious tolerance but have never experienced the wonderful charm of being in the woodlands on an autumn day, or on the mountain tops when one can look down on a rainbow far below and see the rain storms faintly veiling the sunlit valleys at the foot. There are many things the "superior person" has not seen.

G.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH Cambridge still maintains its character of being pre-eminently the home of science, poetry is cultivated in it as carefully as the most precious garden plant. The latest evidence of this lies in the publication of an anthology called *Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913* (Heffer and Sons, Cambridge), the pieces being chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. A book of this kind does not call for literary criticism; its interest resides in the disclosure it makes of the thoughts and ideals of the rising generation of poets, and it invites comparison with the poetic circles of Cambridge eighty years ago. How the outlook of youth has changed during that period! And in this respect the youth of Cambridge differs in no wise from the youth of the country at large. The poets of early Victorian time took life much more seriously than do their modern successors of the first part of the twentieth century. They were big with the consciousness of a mission. There was Tennyson "nourishing a youth sublime with the fairy tales of science and the long result of time," and in that early poem, which was accepted as a marching song of the Liberals of the day, the theme is the progress of the ages, the work men have done and the work waiting for men to do. In Browning's first notable utterance the most arresting note was "I go to prove my soul." And even Swinburne, who took a very different view of life, saw that "dear to the heart of a man is a goal that he may not reach."

Now, if we turn to the most distinguished of the young poets of this book, we become conscious at once of a great difference of spirit. They show more accomplishment, more mastery of the technique of verse, but how trivial and futile are most of the thoughts to which they give expression! We take Mr. James Alroy Flecker as an example. Mr. Flecker is one of the most accomplished and promising of the younger men, and his work, like that of many others in the volume, has frequently appeared in our pages, so that it will be understood we make the following remarks in no spirit of disparagement. The pieces which concern us here are: "To a poet a thousand years hence"—a beautiful poem but for its unconscious egotism; "A Ballad of Camden Town"—a tale of a certain Maisie who, in the way of her kind,

When I was ill and she was pale
And empty stood our store,
She left the latchkey on its nail
And saw me never more.

The rest of the poem is maudlin sentiment about vain chances and hopes of meeting her again, ending with this:

Once more together will we live,
For I will find her yet;
I have so little to forgive;
So much, I can't forget.

It will be admitted that there is not much here "for solace, for sustaining." Yet this is the be-all and end-all of his song.

Of Rupert Brooke he would be a rash prophet who made any definite forecast. Two or three years ago he published a book of crude, impossible verse that seemed to invite one merely to throw it away. Yet it had curious little touches which seemed to show that the author was struggling with the undigested thoughts and reflections of high youth and that he was capable of doing something great. We do not know that he has fulfilled this promise, yet "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," has a fragrance and beauty that might belong to an old master:

For England's the one land I know,
Where Men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand;
And of that district I prefer
The lovely hamlet, Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;
And Royston men in the far south
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington;
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe,
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles,
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
Rather than send them to St. Ives;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes.

We could not resist quoting this passage, but it does not bear greatly on our theme. It is not all characteristic of the anthology, the wail of the typical poet being

I am weary even of song, and the lyre is cold,
And my heart is lead, and the world seems very old.

Or

Now I have broken Beauty's wall,
Now that my kindred world I hold,
I care not though the cities fall
And the green earth go cold.

The modern creed is summed up by Aleister Crowley as follows :

The ship is trim : to sea ! to sea !
Take life in either hand,
Crush out its wine for you and me,
And drink, and understand.

As long as these things are there can be little hope of the coming of an era of great English poetry. The early Victorians nourished their youth sublime on a more precious material, and hence they matured into great poets. But those we have quoted from have evidently listened with too much of a feeling of discipleship to the teaching of those whose motto was Art for Art's sake, and who promulgated the ideas that the sensuousness of the moment was enough. They ridiculed the far horizons of their elders, and tried to make poetry a mere matter of verbal melody. The acceptance of the ideas set forth has been followed by a decline in English verse, of which there are at present few, if any, signs of recovery.

THE YOUTH OF THE OVER CIVILIZED.

The Joy of Youth, by Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall.) MR. PHILLPOTTS has written away from his Dartmoor rustics in this book, and at once betrays the strength and weakness of his art. He ever seems to be striving after a simplicity which is quite unattainable to the over-civilised and slightly *borné* mind ; the thought processes of his heroine, Loveday Merton, do not convince us, neither does Bertram Dangerfield, the painter whom we are told to regard as a genius ; he creates great pictures, according to the author, but he talks studio cant. For many pages he harangues the heroine in Nietzschean phraseology watered down to the right consistency for a six shilling novel, or treats the good Schopenhauer in similar fashion—poor Schopenhauer who was embittered for lack of a hearing during his life and is now served up in neat booklets. Such is Bertram's style of love-making, and *mirabile dictu* the girl likes it, falls in love with him in fact. If we were told that she fell in love with the athlete, for this Bertram got his rooyds. Blue at Cambridge, and endured the lectures for his *beaux yeux*, we might believe ; but no, she says that he has given her a soul-quant little Undine ! Well, well, if these were real people we would say with Bertram Dangerfield, "It's the times ; we are all specialists now. Life was a simple, ingenuous, glorious thing in the Golden Age. Now it's neither

simple nor ingenuous—though still glorious." Maybe ! but little glory would be left in the Great Adventure, and no romance, were there many Bertrams about with Lovedays to sit at their feet and perpetuate the species ; thank heaven both types are scarce. With all its faults, all its inhuman hyper-civilisation, *The Joy of Youth* is as far above the ruck of novels as Mr. Phillpotts is above the mediocrities who make them—it is a book that is well worth reading.

A MIRROR OF THE TIME.

Pillars of Society, by A. G. Gardiner. (Nisbet.) MR. A. G. GARDINER'S second series of pleasant studies shows a great advance upon that which preceded it. These lively studies are deficient neither in wit nor trenchancy. Mr. Gardiner has gone about among his contemporaries with the seeing eye, and his sketches, even of those with whom he differs in politics, are vivid and strong. Here and there a little extra emphasis is laid on in the way of a novelist or, rather, a cartoonist, who exaggerates features in order that more attention may be paid to them. A good case in point is the article on Lord Hugh Cecil. It is not altogether untrue, any more than a cartoon by Mr. Max Beerbohm is untrue ; but Lord Hugh's peculiarities are very much emphasised in order to make the study effective. The one on Mr. F. E. Smith is, like several others, touched with a malice that Mr. Gardiner employs freely. Sir Edward Carson is much more generously treated, and the author writes with great understanding of a man so antipathetic to him as Mr. Walter Long. Altogether, the book provides a great deal of amusing reading.

MAN'S RELATION TO THE UNIVERSE.

The Way, by Arnold Ure. (Methuen.) ADOPTING the form of the essay, Mr. Arnold Ure has written a thoughtful book that should appeal to the individual who enjoys the tolerant discussion of a capable and original mind upon such subjects as evolution, instinct, character as partly due to the interference of instinct, reason and human intelligence, religion. As the plan of the author's attempt to bring into co-relation the latest scientific teaching with the wisdom of an earlier philosophy unfolds itself, it becomes clear that the work has been most carefully and methodically arranged, and that, without undue insistence upon a desire to bring the book within the grasp of the average intelligent person, the form in which these thoughts are expressed is extremely simple and clearly defined. Mr. Ure himself speaks of the subject of this volume as the relation which man bears to the Created Universe ; and it may be said that, if we do not always agree with his conclusions, we respect his intention, which has resulted in so interesting and sound a piece of work.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE NEW COURSE AT WOODCOTE PARK.

A FEW days ago I paid a first visit to Woodcote Park, the new course, with which the Royal Automobile Club is associated, now being made near Epsom. It is for various reasons a decidedly interesting spot. It is interesting, in the first place, as showing how much can be done in a short time in the way of evolving order out of chaos, since work was only begun there in July. For some part of the time 700 men have been employed ; but, even so, when the cutting of trees and the building and sowing of twenty-seven putting greens and innumerable other pieces of work are considered, the visitor is lost in amazement.

One stands in front of what will be the club-house, a fine, large, English country house of comfortable ugliness, and backed by picturesque black trees, and sees stretching away in front of one a big, rolling park broken up here and there by little clumps of trees. Over this expanse are dotted the twenty-seven putting greens, and they stand out so vividly in their brighter green that, by a little exercise of the imagination, one can fancy them so many plasticine models dropped there by the gigantic hand of some superhuman architect. Nature has provided good undulating country, in places perhaps a trifle too precipitous ; but, apart from trees, which can be a doubtful blessing, she has given but little help in the matter of hazards, or in places adapted for putting greens, so that a tremendous responsibility has rested in both these respects upon the designers. It was advisedly, therefore, that I used the verb "to build" in regard to the greens. To construct all these greens out of nothingness and to make them interesting in themselves and different from each other must have been a severe task. I can picture to myself Mr. Herbert Fowler and Mr. Simpson sitting down with their plasticine before them in agonizing throes of imagination. All the more necessary is it to say at once that they appear to have done their work with an admirable mixture of skill and fancy. They have made greens full of variety and of that which is termed in the advertisements of juvenile literature "moving incident by flood and field." At the same time they seem to have kept steadfastly before their eyes a guiding principle that has been well expressed by a French golfing enthusiast, namely, that "the final drama should be played out on the flat." In other words, though the player who does not put his approach shots very near the hole will be constantly calculating the "borrow" of entertaining undulations, he will enjoy a properly level

piece of ground when he comes to close quarters with the hole. It should be added that most of the greens are of decidedly magnificent proportions. One seldom sees these big stretches of smooth turf and, though their conformation will certainly save them from the reproach of being "gardens of inaccuracy," there will always be plenty of room. The bunkers can be, and are, cut close to the greens without giving anyone cause to complain of brutal difficulty.

I have laid stress upon the putting greens because at present they constitute distinctly the most interesting feature of Woodcote. Just now the course looks, and must look for some while, rather too much like one vast rolling prairie. There are plenty of bunkers which will, no doubt, from a strictly practical standpoint, make it quite hard enough to keep straight ; but appearances play a large part in a golf course and the ground needs breaking up, and the different fairways need clearer division one from the other. This fact is perfectly appreciated, and gorse and broom are to be sown with a generous hand ; not in such a way as to cause the losing of balls and the gnashing of teeth, but chiefly from a landscape-gardening point of view. When this has been done the place will gain enormously in variety and picturesqueness, two qualities that affect our considered judgments of a course, more, perhaps, than we quite realise.

The twenty-seven holes consist of three loops of nine, each beginning and ending close to the house. At present they are known as A, B and C, and it has not yet been definitely decided which of the two shall constitute the official eighteen holes and which shall be the "relief" course. Whichever of the three loops is left out one will have to regret the absence of one or two fine holes. It is clear that C must be one of the chosen nines, for whereas A and B traverse much the same tract of country, and so have in one or two features something of a family likeness, C breaks new ground. There are one or two places in C where the player must sidle along a slope that is a thought too steep, but it is the longest and hardest nine, and contains some very good holes and could hardly be left out.

It would be tedious to attempt a detailed description of the holes, and one can only mention one or two that caught the eye. In A there is a very clever little mashie shot hole—I think it is the eighth—and in B I remember particularly the fourth and fifth ; the fourth a very fine long two-shot hole, rising slightly to a big plateau green ; and the fifth a drive and a run up, if the drive be perfection, and a drive and a pitch

if it be not, possessed of an ingeniously shaped green that Mrs. Gamp might have likened to a "twining serpent." C has a striking one-shot hole in number two, with a wonderful big green that has three bunkers in it, and there is another admirable piece of green construction to be seen at the eighth, where Mr. Fowler has very successfully achieved his ambition of making a putting green on the side of a slope that shall not be like a gun-platform. Altogether Woodcote Park is a golfing infant to whose future one will look with very considerable interest.

B. D.

THE ENEMIES OF THE PUTTING GREEN.

IF an attempt be made to grow turf in a place which Nature designed for other purposes, the greenkeeper will have some bad times. There are old and known antagonists such as worms, leather-jacket grubs and fairy rings to do battle with; but such warfare is child's play in comparison with some of the newer enemies, and I can wish no man a worse task than to have charge of a course which has recently been sown down in a pine forest. It is a mild form of Chinese torture for the wretched man to bring his greens to a beautiful condition, only to see them withering away under the influence of a malignant fungus, and if he has any conceit in his constitution, there can be no better corrective than *Isaria fuciformis* or *Fusarium*. The very names are almost enough to indicate a dreadful complaint, and the latter sweeps down upon you so suddenly that in two or three days' time the best of turf will look like a cricket pitch in a public park. My knowledge of fungus diseases is of a very elementary description, but I have had the benefit of valuable advice from Dr. Keeble of Reading University, and from Mr. Emptage, who has for some time past made a study of this particular fungus disease and also of eel-worm, which is generally found in close companionship with it. I am informed that most authorities attribute the damage to the fungus, and the presence of the eel-worm to the existence of the vegetation which has been thus destroyed. My friend Mr. Emptage is, however, not convinced, and thinks that the eel-worm may in some degree contribute to the death of the grass. To us at least this point is not of great moment, as the result is the same, and if we see brown circles appearing in a good putting green, we know that one if not both of the fiends are at work.

We have tried various remedies at Swinley Forest and Sunningdale, but although the greenkeepers at those courses, with myself in close attendance, try to appear learned on the subject, we really know but little, and have had only a certain amount of success up to the present. But we do know this: that on a certain day last September the disease made itself manifest on three different courses, on greens wet and dry and on different classes of soil, so that the atmospheric conditions must have much to do with its development. Further, that when diseased turf is exchanged for healthy turf, the disease

will reappear on the same site, and the unhealthy turf will throw off its complaint, and thus the evil comes from below. We hope to find out at what depth the *Fusarium* conceals its presence, so that fresh soil rich in carbonate of lime can be substituted to the required depth; and we further know that there is less of this fungus now manifest at Swinley Forest through the course than there was before we gave the turf a good dressing of ground lime. I am personally inclined to think that weak applications of sulphate of copper will get rid of the enemy if it can be introduced into its lair in sufficient quantities. We have tried various strengths, and have found that the solution must be very much weaker than that used for the potato disease, otherwise the grass is scorched. Sulphate of ammonia and rape meal we used for some time, but although the ammonia helped the turf to recover, it certainly did not kill the fungus, and we now learn that fungi rather enjoy nitrogenous manures, and regard them as luxuries. *Isaria fuciformis* is also a fungus disease, and rejoices in another name, "the red grass gelatinous mould," so I am informed. We have noticed it for several years, but up to the present we

are not much alarmed, although certainly this year it seems to have increased. Sulphate of iron appears to be the proper thing to apply, so we now have a stock on hand for use, if it dares to show itself next year.

H. S. COLT.

AN EARLY EXPLOIT OF CAPTAIN MOLESWORTH.

A DISTINGUISHED golfer of the elder generation of Hoylake players has just sent me on a very dusty but very interesting search. In the old files of the *Illustrated London News* for 1849 is to be found a picture of Lieutenant G. M. Molesworth, R.N., then in his twenty-third year, and an account of his gallant conduct at the wreck of the Royal Mail Steamer *Forth* off Camperdown. This was, of course, the late Captain Molesworth, of whom Mr. Hutchinson wrote last week. I do not know if many Westward Ho! golfers have heard of this early exploit of his, but even if they have, the story will bear repeating. It is to be found in Captain Molesworth's own words in a letter to his father which was published in the *Times*. He was woken up in the middle of the night and, going

on deck, found the ship in the most imminent danger. With a characteristic calmness he went back to fetch his watch and chain, and although told by the Captain that he would certainly be killed, called for volunteers to cross a reef upon which a heavy surf was breaking. One by one he got four volunteers, crossed the reef, and found some little distance away an island of refuge.

THE WRECK OF THE "FORTH."

He then returned to find that, encouraged by his example, other boats had crossed the reef, but there were still some hands on the ship. These he went back to help and was swamped and very nearly drowned, being twenty minutes in the water. Here his watch plays an important part in the story again, for he had it as he says, "unfortunately" round his neck; however, "the old fellow never stopped going through though the steel part got rusty." The wreck took place on January 13th and the letter was written on February 5th, so that its final sentences are eloquent: "I have not been in bed since we were wrecked, and yesterday was the first morning that I have had a shirt—I am very well, however, never better in my life." All the passengers signed a letter to Lieutenant Molesworth, praising him for his courage and declaring that, as was apparently the fact, if he had not made his dash across the reef all would have been drowned. He himself said that they would probably have tried to go on with the ship, which must have been fatal. This is but a very brief résumé of the whole story which is most stirring reading and ought not to be forgotten.



LORD CHESTERFIELD WAITING TO DRIVE.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A REMARKABLE HYBRID.

AT a meeting of the Zoological Society held on November 11th, Mr. Seth-Smith exhibited a living example of a remarkable hybrid between a black-winged peacock and a domestic hen (cross-bred game and Leghorn), which had been bred by Mr. R. P. Wheadon of Ilminster, Somerset, in 1911. The hybrid, a large, clumsily built bird, evidently a male by its spurs, attracted considerable

attention on account of its strange appearance and its rarity, being, so far as we are aware, only the second example of its kind known. It is mostly white, irregularly marked, especially on the neck, with reddish brown, a colour derived from its mother, and clearly shows the characters of both parents. On its crown is a short tuft of feathers, and on either side at the base of the upper mandible there is a small wattle, while the middle tail feathers are long and curved, as in a male fowl. The black-winged peacock is a well known variety of the common pea-



W. S. Berridge.

Copyright.

HYBRID BETWEEN A PEACOCK AND DOMESTIC HEN.

fowl, which arises independently in flocks of pure-bred birds. It is possibly an atavism or reversion to the ancestral type from which both the common and Burmese peafowl have sprung, since it nearly resembles the male hybrid between these two species. The peahen of the black-winged variety is always nearly white, except the head and neck, which are normally coloured, and this fact no doubt accounts for the almost white plumage of this curious, but far from beautiful, hybrid. The peacock has twice been known to cross with the domestic guinea-fowl. O. G.

THE CAPERCAILLIE IN PERTHSHIRE.

The photograph, taken by a Glenalmond boy, of a hen capercaillie sitting on her nest shows admirably the protective coloration of the plumage, which harmonises almost exactly with the bark of the tree behind. We have seen people taken to within three yards of such a nest and yet unable to see it. The capercaillie became extinct in the British Islands during the eighteenth century, and it was reintroduced in 1837 in Perthshire, where it is now fairly abundant and is extending its range.

WICKEN FEN.

Some seven miles from Ely, in Cambridgeshire, lie Wicken Sedge Fen and St. Edmund's Fen, almost the last remaining portions of the great undrained and uncultivated fens of the Eastern Counties. Through the generosity of the late Mr. G. H. Verrall and others about two hundred and forty acres of this land became the property of the National Trust. At first sight it would appear that a place which it is desirable to preserve in its primitive condition would be able to look after itself if left alone. But owing to the artificial conditions of the neighbouring land caused by drainage, this is not the case; the fen becomes choked by an overgrowth of sedges and other herbage, and it is essential to clear portions of it every year, as was done

formerly. During the last two years this has been neglected, and if this state of things is allowed to continue, the fen will lose much of its fen-like character, and many plants and animals will infallibly be destroyed by the thickening jungle. It will thus be obvious that a certain amount of money is required to preserve the fen, and with a view to doing this the National Trust has issued an appeal for a fund to endow their property; it is calculated that the income derived from a sum of about two thousand pounds will be sufficient to preserve the fen for all time. Wicken Fen is not only an interesting relic of primeval England, but it is also the home of many rare butterflies and moths; of the former, the swallowtail butterfly is the best known. It is also the breeding ground of many rare birds. To botanists it is a place of especial value from the number of rare plants that are found there. It is clear that if the characteristic features of the fen are to be preserved, some sort of control must be kept and a regular watcher employed. It is not proposed to restrict access for genuine naturalists, but to prevent over-collecting and the exploitation of the rarities of the fen for commercial purposes. It is hoped that all true nature lovers will assist the National Trust in endeavouring to preserve this unique spot for coming generations.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE SCOTT ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION'S ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A selection of specimens collected by the Scott Antarctic Expedition will shortly be placed on view in the Central Hall of the Natural History Museum. The greater part of these will, of course, be marine invertebrate specimens, as although the expedition brought back a number of birds, chiefly penguins, and a good many seals, the novelties must be looked for among the marine invertebrates. The sorting out of the collections is being done at Cambridge by Mr. Lillie, a member of the scientific staff, but all the specimens will eventually be sent to the Natural History Museum. The working out and description of the various groups by specialists will take some time, probably five years at least, and we shall not know the full scientific results of this memorable expedition until the publication of the reports of the large number of experts engaged on the work is completed.—F.

POLYGAMOUS REDPOLLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While rambling along a hedgerow in spring I was about to pass by the nest of a lesser redpoll with the remark, "There is another redpoll's nest," when my curiosity was aroused by noticing that there were more than a pair of redpolls at the nest. On approaching nearer to it I saw three birds, one seated on the eggs, and two others perched side by side on a twig at the edge of the nest. The bird on the eggs was a female, and the other two were a male and female. As birds'-nesters know, redpolls are very bold in nesting-time, and on this occasion the cock bird was the only one of the three who betrayed symptoms of alarm when I raised my face within a foot of the nest. The two hens held their ground—the one on the nest and the other beside it—while the cock hopped about twittering its alarm notes a few inches away from them. I then gently poked the sitting bird with my finger, causing her to leave the eggs. The moment she had done so, the other hen slipped into the nest and took her place, while the dispossessed hen remained perched on the nest side. I was not altogether surprised at their tenacity in resisting eviction, but I expressed some



CAPERCAILLIE ON NEST.

astonishment to my companions at the presence of more than one hen to a single nest. A very experienced rustic naturalist who was of the party then informed me that he had met with several previous cases in which the cock redpoll was attended at the nest by more than one female partner. Perhaps some of your readers can confirm this statement from personal observation.—I.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CLEM'S DAY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The sharp frost and easterly wind which ushered in November 23rd gave place in the afternoon to a soft, mild air from the south-west. "Eh! I be glad on't," said an old peasant friend of mine, "this be Clem's Day, you know, me dear, an' arl our folk be a' gooin' to set up to see which way the wind sets at midnight." It would be interesting to know in how many other parts of rural England the belief is still prevalent that, in whatever direction the wind blows at twelve o'clock on the night of St. Clement, in that same quarter it will mostly prevail for the ensuing three months. So much of our folk weather lore has a foundation on facts noted by countless generations of observant husbandmen that it may be worth the attention of the curious in such matters to find out how often a mild St. Clement's Day has been followed by a mild winter. On the face of it it would seem as if the equally time-honoured belief that

If the ice in November will bear a duck
There'll be nothing after but sludge an' muck,

clashed with the St. Clement superstition; but it must not be forgotten that the Saint's festival used to fall in December Old Style. The change in the almanac should always be reckoned when considering these old-world weather sayings. Old May Day (May 14th) is as often genial as the present May Day is the reverse, while good old-fashioned Christmas weather is constantly our portion about January 7th, which is Christmas Day Old Style. Up to nearly the end of last century a feast was held in honour of St. Clement in the little market town of Shipston-on-Stour, Worcestershire. Festive spirits met to enliven the long hours till midnight, when they all turned out to note the quarter from which the wind was drawing. It is more than possible that not a few of these revellers might be slightly inaccurate in their observations. Thus, whatever proved to be the weather of the ensuing winter, there would probably always have been found some to maintain that it bore out the dictum of "Clem."—M. L. STANTON.

THE STOAT AND THE BADGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The common stoat (*Mustela erminea*) becomes white and is then an "ermine" only in severe winters when there is much snow. The winter coat is, of course, the more valuable, and in England this is not usually attained in perfection as it is in colder countries where there is more snow. The change of colour is protective, as in the case of the Arctic fox, the ptarmigan, the hare, the snow-bunting and other Northern animals. Nevertheless, the fur of the stoat is not to be despised in its summer colouring, and it seems a pity that it should be exterminated for the sake of rabbits, which yield a fur of infinitely less commercial value. I have seen many examples of perfectly white stoats in the British Isles, and I fancy most gamekeepers have killed specimens during the winter months either partly or wholly white without realising the value of the fur thus destroyed. I remember years ago in West Norfolk being shown a very fine pure white specimen, caught in a gin, which I was informed was a "black-tailed ferret," of which specimens were often slain, but being "more artful than they stoats," they were only "ketched" in hard weather when "exter hungry!" I think a well-managed stoat farm might be made to pay, and certainly the badger (*Meles*), for whose extermination a lady devoutly prayed in the columns of the *Times* recently, possesses a coat which should cause it to be protected and encouraged to increase and multiply, even at the expense of a rabbit or two. Badgers are, however, like some of the other plantigrades, largely vegetarian and also insectivorous, having a fancy for wasp-grubs, among other toothsome delicacies.—ARNOLD H. MATHEW.

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE OF STERNE'S CHILDHOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The bicentenary of the birth of Sterne (November 24th) recalls an extraordinary adventure that befel the celebrated humorist and sentimentalist when a child in the Wicklow mountains. In the year 1720 the author's father, Ensign Sterne of Handaside's regiment, who supplied the original of Uncle Toby, returned from the Vigo Expedition, and was quartered at Wicklow, where his family rejoined him. In the summer Mrs. Sterne took the children on a visit to her cousin's vicarage at Annamo, a hamlet near Roundwood. Here Master Laurence, aged eight, distinguished himself by falling into a mill race while the mill-wheel was revolving, and by being taken up unhurt. The child was paddling in the little river which descends from Lough Dan, when he lost his footing and was swept away under the water-wheel. Rescue seemed hopeless, when, to the amazement of some horrified bystanders, he was shot out at the other side into smooth water, perfectly unharmed. And in consequence Laurence became a show or prodigy child; "hundreds of the common people flocked to see me," states his autobiography. It is one of the most curious coincidences in the history of accidents that Sterne's grandfather, Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, should have had the same "deliverance" in England when a boy—precisely the same in shape and incidents. There is still a mill at Annamo, but though it occupies the same site, it can hardly be described as the one of Sterne's adventure. The old mill, which was a very picturesque object, was taken down about a century ago, but before its demolition it was sketched by Petrie, who was acquainted with its Sterne associations, for "The Excursions Through Ireland." The present mill house was built with the materials of the old. The most popular road from Dublin to the Seven Churches passes the spot.—L. F. SULLIVAN.

ECONOMY AND TASTE IN COTTAGE BUILDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a private residence at Mill Hill, Middlesex, and feel it would be a thousand pities if the pretty roads here were spoiled by the erection of ugly cottages. It is useless to spend money in the endeavour to educate labourers while cottages consist only of four walls with holes in them, such as

the abominable examples built by Emmanuel College. Surely the College belies its name in this unfortunate instance, while there is no truth in the superstition that healthiness must be associated with ugliness.—CHARLES W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is with great interest that I have read your articles, the first dealing with the need for impressing upon public bodies and others the desirability of not disfiguring the country-side by building unnecessarily unsightly cottages; but in many parts of the country where no stone is available it is a difficult matter to build really pretty-looking cottages without going to considerable additional expense. However, by building cottages in pairs, and getting a good slope to the roof, especially with the addition of a small wooden porch, it is possible to get quite a pleasing effect, and a great improvement can quickly be made in the appearance by encouraging the tenant to grow creepers over his porch and cottage, and keep his small garden in front bright with flowers. In your second article you deal with cheap cottages, and give plans of Mr. Arnold Mitchell's cottage, which I can safely say at once could not possibly meet the requirements of any public body, owing to want of bedroom accommodation. The general want is not for "two-bedroom" cottages, as it would only be a repetition of what is happening daily, *i.e.*, notice being given to inhabitants of this class of cottage to cease overcrowding. Three bedrooms are absolutely necessary for modern sanitary requirements in a cottage—a large one, where the husband and wife and any small children sleep, and two smaller ones, where boys and girls as they get older can sleep apart, and it is very necessary to keep the height of the rooms not less than 8ft., as there is always more overcrowding in cottages than in other types of houses, and the tenants so often not only block up any ventilators that may be in the bedrooms, but, in some cases, where there are fireplaces, these as well. Cheap cottages may often, in the end, be the most expensive, as tenants of cottage property practically never do any repairs, and the wear and tear is much greater than on other house property, owing to the large families which are usual and to the tenants moving in and out so frequently. Therefore, I am of opinion that it is much the wisest course to build really substantial cottages with as little woodwork as possible, even if the cost is rather more at first, as with cheaply built cottages it will be found the cost of repairs will be absolutely out of all proportion to the capital outlay. Had the Government been able to extend the period for the loans from sixty to eighty years, it would have greatly facilitated the building of cottages in rural districts, as no labourer, whatever his wages, will ever be induced to pay what he considers a "fancy" rent.—S. V. HOTCHKIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your recent articles on the question of Country Cottages, I congratulate you upon the energetic way you have taken up the matter. The difficulty of the whole position lies, of course, on the financial side, which means that the wages question has an important bearing upon the matter. The urgency of the matter is very naturally having the effect of creating a wild rush for cheapness, with the disgraceful result achieved by Emmanuel College, and I think your endeavours to bring about a state of things which will make such vandalism impossible, have come none too soon. In my opinion, it is most certainly a question to be dealt with nationally, because the moral effect of beautiful and healthy environments upon not only the tenants and individuals living in the cottages, but upon the nation at large, cannot be over-estimated. One hesitates to advocate the creation of more officials, but I think that it would be money well spent if the country were divided in districts and supervised, inspected and controlled by competent officials, reporting to the Local Government Board as to the housing conditions within their area. It could be worked on similar lines to the factory inspectors, but they must have some practical knowledge of housing matters and also of cottage design. As an architect, I fully realise the difficulty of setting up a censor to decide what is and what is not an artistic or suitable design. The difficulty has certainly not been lessened by the most unfortunate attempt of Mr. Arnold Mitchell at Merrow, near Guildford, photographs of which you published in your issue of October 25th. It makes one almost despair when one realises that this is the best suggestion of a solution of the problem that can be made by so prominent a member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. This is surely a dismal reply to the attempt by Emmanuel! Reverting to the suggested control by the Local Government Board acting on the reports of the inspectors, they could approach the local authorities as to what they intended to do to solve the housing difficulty in their area, and, failing any steps by the local authority, the Local Government Board could then step in and build the requisite number and make a charge on the local rates. A model cottage as suggested by you, or a number of models, would, no doubt, be a step towards stopping the abominations we see to-day, especially if a little licence was given to vary the design, subject to the approval of the Local Government Board or their inspector. Very definite rules would be necessary, if the solution is to be of any permanent value, to prevent overcrowding as a man's family increases; and there is also the difficulty which arises when a man and his wife take a small house when they have no family and a small wage. But as time goes on he may get promotion, and consequently a much better income, and be able to afford a better cottage, and the question arises, Should he be compelled to go into a better cottage which may be vacant in order to make room for a man earning a minimum wage? But these are details, important ones, no doubt, and would be solved by experiment. I fully endorse the efforts you are making, and sincerely trust that they will be the means of accelerating, at any rate, a solution to this housing question, which is the most urgent social question of to-day. I hope also that your efforts will be the means not only of preserving the beauty of the country-side, but also of improving (and there is sad need of it) our suburbs and towns, so that all men may live in surroundings as beautiful and healthy as it is possible to make them, which, at least, is their birthright.—CHARLES W. MILLER, Mayor of Stafford.

ADVERSITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At first sight the accompanying picture would indicate that an eviction had taken place in some rural district, and that the shaggy youngsters, with surly looks and ill-fitting clothes, were following in the rear with some household belongings. It records, however, a common incident in the life of the roving tinkers



SMALL GANGRELS AT ULTIMA THULE.

or gipsies, who are shifting their camp in one of the Orkney Islands. They are a privileged race, and do not hesitate to squat on the lands of some tolerant farmer. Ostensibly they are engaged in the making of tinware, which they hawk throughout the countryside; but they are more adept at begging food and clothes and following an indolent, though picturesque, existence.—T. K.

TREATMENT FOR OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am building a small library (27ft. by 19ft.). There is to be a considerable amount of oak in it—beams, ceiling, panelling, bookshelves and floor. I should be much obliged if you would tell me the best way to treat the oak.—A SUBSCRIBER FOR MANY YEARS.

[Entirely cover the oak with lime mixed with water, let it thoroughly dry, then brush off with a hard brush. This will leave the oak a good grey-brown colour. It has the best effect on English oak. If a dull polish is desired, it can afterwards be waxed with dry beeswax, very sparingly used.—Ed.]

A WEIRD CUSTOM.

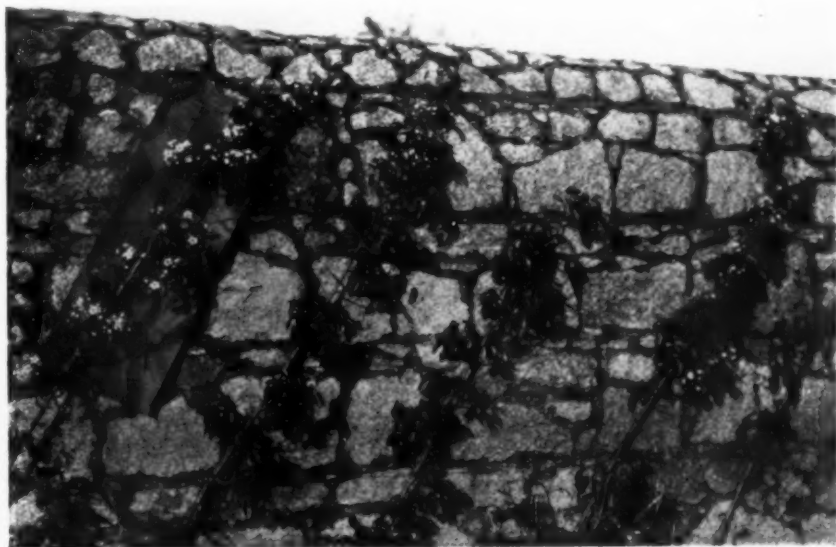
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed in the description of a gipsy's funeral which took place quite recently that money and food were placed in the coffin. I heard of this custom being observed in Jersey. A Lancashire couple lost their baby, and before the coffin was finally closed down the mother put some pennies in the tiny hand "to buy cakes with on the other side," she said. This custom prevails in the East Riding of Yorkshire, where not only money, but food, bread and salt are buried with the corpse.—G. W.

ARBUTUS UNEDO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE Mr. Whitby asks whether any use can be made of Arbutus berries. We make them into jam every year, and I think it very good. It is something like quince marmalade as to consistency, but a lighter colour. There are some very fine trees here, nearly sixty years old, and this year the berries are very large, and also, I think, sweeter than usual. We



A NOVEMBER GARDEN: BEURRE DIEP PEAR IN BLOSSOM.

have made some excellent jam to-day. The blackbirds feast on them, and the ground is strewn with them, and there is never any danger here of not getting enough to make into jam. In your note below Mr. Whitby's letter you truly say, "This tree is unquestionably one of the most beautiful evergreens in cultivation." November is the month in which they are at their best as a beautiful evergreen. The big trees here are now covered with bunches of berries which, as they do not all ripen at once, are all shades of yellow, orange and red in each bunch, and many of the branches showing the little white or pink flowers at the same time.—E. GODOLPHIN OSBORNE.

SPIDER WEB LACE.

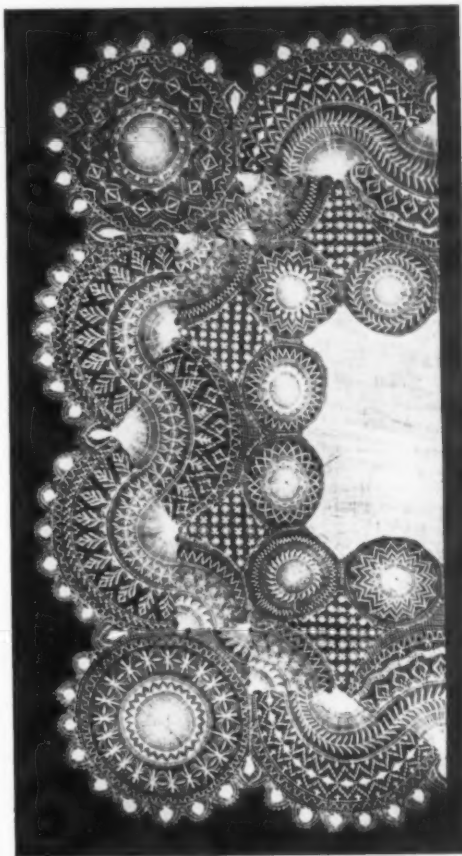
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a lace handkerchief worked by the women in the Republic of Paraguay, in South America, may be of interest to your readers. The design is adapted from the webs spun in the trees by certain spiders of that country.—H. O. F.

BATS AND BACON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Referring to the letter in your last week's issue in which the question as to whether bats eat bacon is mentioned, I now quote from a letter written September 9th, 1767, by the late Rev. Gilbert White to Mr. Thomas Pennant. He says that a tame bat he knew of found insects most acceptable as food, but "it did not refuse raw flesh when offered: so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon seems no improbable story." I do not remember to have heard the lines quoted in your correspondent's letter before.—DOUGLAS M. KESTIN.



DESIGN FROM SPIDERS' WEBS BY PARAGUAYAN WOMEN.

THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a wild rose and hips, both on the same stalk, also a piece of laburnum. The rose and the hips I gathered from the hedge not far from my garden and the laburnum from a tree in full bloom in my garden. I thought it might be curious and interesting to mention in your paper.—C. HOLLINGBOURNE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you enclosed a photograph which I took in my garden here on November 12th. It shows three pear trees (Beurré Diel) in full blossom, while on another tree (same variety) can be seen hanging one or more pears. This photograph may possibly interest some of your readers.—C. C. BEWLEY, Blencarn, Foxrock, County Dublin.

CAT AND PUPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your readers may remember an account, given some time ago, of a cat, having lost all its kittens, taking the pups away from their mother and rearing them. The occurrence being unusual, I wondered what the final results would be of this strange affection. It was, however, some months after photographing them before I was again able to get to Brompton (reputed with more than a modicum of truth, to be one of the prettiest villages in Yorkshire), and after a rest and refreshing tea, I enquired of mine host of the "Cayley Arms"—

"How are the pups now?"

"Oh, they are all right! Here's one of them!"

And in trotted, not a young Irish setter as I expected, but a sturdy young foxhound. I had better say here the visit had entailed a walk of 8 or 9 miles



THE CAT WITH THE PUPS SHE ANNEXED.

"That's very strange! isn't it? for a foxhound to come from an Irish setter?"

"Oh! The setter is not their proper mother but their foster-mother, their proper mother is up at the kennels" (Hon. H. Vane's Hounds). This explanation "cleared the air," and surprised me greatly being the first intimation I had the setter was not the proper mother. When I first photographed the pups they were so very "tender" that their true breed was not at all apparent. Probably there are few dogs that can, as in this case, really claim three Mothers.—A. PILKINGTON.

DECORATIVE INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may perhaps like to give publicity to the enclosed interesting letter, which, with its accompanying very fine photograph, I have received from a careful French observer, M. W. Delamain: "I am sending you," says my informant, "a photograph which I am sure will interest you. It is a photograph of a nest of the melodious warbler (*H. polyglotta*), a very common bird here from May to September. The nesting site is usually among low shrubs, two or three shoots of the common bracken being used as supports, and linked together by the bird with the long grasses that grow in damp, peaty soils. The circumstances in the present case are, however, worth noting. Two years ago, in 1911, I found the nest of the serin finch (another common bird here), and this beautiful little structure had this remarkable feature, that it was adorned by two guinea-fowl feathers, very much in evidence on the brim of the nest. I think I had been



MELODIOUS WARBLER'S DECORATED NEST.

reading, a short time before, your remarks on the decorated nests of the twite, and this naturally made me take a special note of the serin's nest. Since then, however, nothing in the same line had attracted my attention, when I found, about a month ago, the beautiful nest which my brother has photographed. Now, the extraordinary thing in the present case is that, at the little farm near which this nest was built (about a hundred yards away from it), there has not been a single guinea-fowl since November last, while white fowls are numerous. It is, then, quite clear that, among the large number of white feathers scattered about all over the place where the white hens are allowed to run freely, our warbler must have selected the two guinea-hen feathers with which it has adorned its nest, and which must have been *un objet rare*, since there have been no guinea-hens here for the last six months or so. This, to my mind, shows a will on the part of the bird, and just as you remarked that the twites near Bradford selected the hackle-feathers of the cock, it seems worth noting that two species of birds—the serin and the melodious warbler—have here selected, among thousands of other feathers at their disposal, those of the guinea-fowl, a comparative rarity—a great rarity in the case of the melodious warbler.

in a broiling heat under the most pitiless sun I remember outside the tropics and when told the foxhound was the pup of the Irish setter I was rather afraid what little mental equipment I possess had become slightly deranged, certainly I had never before known of foxhounds bred from Irish setters.

"I thought the mother was an Irish setter!" I exclaimed.

"So it is, here's the mother!" and the setter walked in apparently in search of the foxhound.

Another point, which you have cleared up well, is the conspicuous way in which the feathers have been placed for decoration in the twite's nest. I think this point is very remarkable in the present instance, and the photograph shows very forcibly that my melodious warbler is no mean artist. You will notice in the photograph some little shapeless feathers that have been used in the structure; but not so for the two beautiful decorative feathers. Both the serin and the melodious warbler have placed them boldly on the brim of the nest, where the white spots on the black ground of the feather look very beautiful indeed. To my mind these feathers have been placed there *comme un plumet sur le chapeau d'une belle dame*, and with the same effect.—EDMUND SELOUS.

A TREADMILL CHURN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a curious treadmill, existing in an old Welsh farm near here, may be of interest. The wheel is connected to a churn inside the farm buildings, and was formerly worked by a dog, which was tied up to the roof beam just opposite the window at the far end of the shed. The apparatus was working until quite recently, when the owner ceased to keep a cow, after the



TREADMILL THAT WORKED THE CHURN.

death of the old dog which had been trained to the work. It now serves as an amusement for the children.—A. J. SIMONS, Pwllheli, North Wales.

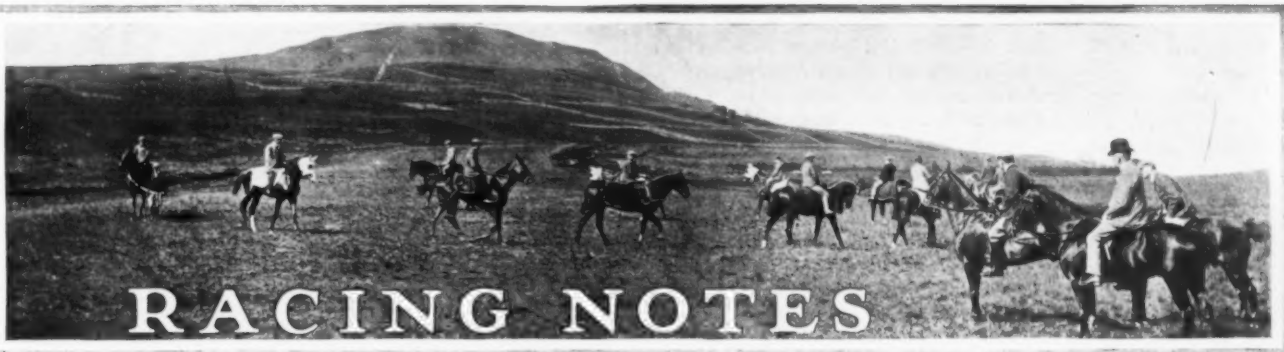
AN ANCIENT ALMSBOX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I know that you sometimes reproduce in your paper photographs of curious old things, I beg to enclose you two photographs of an old almsbox which is still to be seen in the Parish Church of Outwell, near here. It was intended for the offerings of women who came to be churched. The box stands on a pedestal about six feet in height. On one side there is roughly carved the face of a boy, on the opposite side the face of a girl, and on the third side there are two faces in profile. In each case the mouths are slits leading into the box, through which coins could be dropped. The fourth side of the box is a door by which to gain access to the contents. When the woman made her offering, she placed according to the sex of the child, but a special provision was made, as you see, for the case of twins. The box is of oak, and is evidently very old; but, as far as I could see, there was no date.—GREY NEVILLE, Rector of Christchurch, Wisbech, Cambridge.



SHOWING TWO SLITS FOR TWINS AND ONE FOR GIRLS.



SECOND NOTICE OF THE DECEMBER SALES.

RESUMING that, compelled as I am to deal with it briefly, I may, in continuing our notice of the colossal catalogue—it includes over 1300 head of bloodstock—of the December sales, miss many highly desirable “lots,” I pass on to Wednesday’s sale. Monday and Tuesday were dealt with last week. I might, before setting to work, point out that, inconvenient as such a gigantic catalogue may be—undesirable from the point of view of numbers of people—it, nevertheless, offers to patient and discriminating buyers an opportunity for the securing of decided bargains. To such as these I recommend, therefore, sustained attention and unremitting attendance at the sale ring. Now for the catalogue itself. Here I note, to begin with, Duchess Christine, a six year old mare sent up by the Hon. Sir Alan Johnstone. Herself a winner, she is by Florizel II. out of Disdainful (winner of six races). She is apparently a sure breeder, her colt foal died of a chill, her yearling is retained, and she is now believed to be in foal to Lemberg, a sire for whom her pedigree is well suited. Colonel the Hon. A. Greville always manages to have really well bred mares for sale. Among those he is now selling is Honora, six years old, by Gallinule out of Word of Honour. She has a colt foal by William the Third at foot, and is believed to be in foal to Bayardo. In a draft—sold to make room for fillies coming out of training—from the Old Buckeham Stud I notice Coo-ee. Foaled in 1899, she might be younger, but she is by Trenton out of Lady Sterling, and is believed to be in foal to Bayardo, and, if there is anything in breeding, the produce should be possessed of fine stamina. With her, by the way, is her colt foal by Polymelus. Numbers of subsequently successful brood mares have been sold out of the Cottingham Stud, and I make no doubt that, bearing this in mind, buyers will at all events inspect the four now offered for sale. They are all young mares, and among them I note Rock Garden (a winner and sister to Nahlbend), due to foal to Land League February 22nd. Another mare in foal to Land League—a coming sire I think—is Chaleureuxnetta, from the Theakston Hall Stud. She is by Chaleureux out of Dogmatic, by St. Simon. Her colt foal by Santoi is retained, but I can vouch for it that he is a very good foal indeed. Mr. Percy Heaton of Egerton House Stud sells every year. Among the mares he is offering on Wednesday is Sweetnule, a five year old mare by Gallinule out of Sweet Wink by Winkfield; she has at foot a filly foal by St. Serf, and is believed to be in foal to William the Third. In view of the increasing difficulty of buying young brood mares the three three year olds sent up by Mr. J. H. Hoole should be worth inspection. Stud owners with room for promising foals should duly note the four foals sent up by Mr. Donald Fraser from the Tickford Park Stud, one is by Chaucer out of Kalydor (dam of winners). An attractive lot is Mr. Henry Suy’s eight year old mare (bred in France), Kouba, by Flying Fox out of Grasse, by Macheath out of Antibes, by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite. She has been covered by Cyllene, and is due to foal April 29th. From the Langton Hall Stud Captain Fife sends up, among others, Greek Priestess, a five year old mare by Desmond out of Amphitura. She is believed to be in foal to Bonarosa. Then comes an important draft from the famous Workop Manor Stud. These mares I may add, are being sold simply on account of advancing age. Sir John Robinson wishes to reduce the trouble and responsibility of maintaining the stud at its present dimensions. Several of these mares have foals at foot, and have been mated with such sires as Spearmint and Radium. Mr. A. James’ two year old filly by Missel Thrush out of Needlecase, by Common, is bred on good lines, and buyers—both foreign and English—will be anxious to see the mares sent up for sale by the Duke of Devonshire, and, I may add, sorry that they should be for sale. Among the younger mares in this lot I notice Cheshire Cat, 1905 (a winner), by Tarporley out of Lady Sneerwell, covered by Radium; Elfina, 1906 (a winner), a beautifully bred mare by Cyllene out of Elf, by Galopin, and covered

by Willonyx; Cyrene, 1908 (a winner), by Cyllene out of Claque, and covered by Marco; and Jesmond, 1909, a young maiden mare by Desmond out of Claque. There are also four foals—three colts and a filly—one of these is a colt by Bayardo out of Cheshire Cat. The Compton Stud sends up eight mares, of which five are believed to be safe in foal to that well bred horse, Marajax, by Ajax out of Mary Seaton, by Isonomy out of Marie Stuart. Turning now to the Thursday catalogue, among the “odd lots” I notice “the property of a gentleman,” Primrose Dame, a seven year old mare by Persimmon out of Miss Primrose, by Galopin, her filly foal by Llangwn is retained, and she is due to foal to Lycaon on April 6th. One of the three mares sent up by Mr. G. D. Faber is Bushey Heath, 1904, by Bushey Park out of Fervour (dam of Tribonyx, the dam of Willonyx), by Chippendale out of Gisela, by Musket. She is due to foal to William the Third on June 1st, and it is scarcely necessary to add that she has been most judiciously mated. In Mr. G. A. Prentice’s lot is Chapelle de Fer, 1898, by Morion out of the White Witch (dam of Tragedy, dam of Wildfowler and Comedy). This mare is believed to be in foal to Sunstar; last service May 26th. Mr. E. Hulton has to sell to make room for fillies coming in out of training, and buyers should make a point of inspecting his draft. Mr. James Buchanan sells for the same reason, and among those he is now drafting I notice Confection—a four year old mare by Isinglass out of Miramar (dam of winners and herself a winner), by Martagon out of Hamptonia. This is a nice young mare, and is believed to be in foal to Santry; her filly foal by that horse is retained. Colonel E. W. Baird having sold his paddocks, now offers four brood mares, among them Perdona, 1906, a beautifully bred mare by Persimmon out of Loch Doon, by Bread Knife. She traces back to Queen Mary, and has been mated with Radium. Among the horses in training to be sold by Earl Cadogan, K.G., are two promising young brood mares—Spades, a three year old filly by St. Aidan out of St. Bridget, by Gallinule; and a two year old filly by Radium out of Pietra, by Pietermaritzburg. Another nicely bred two year old filly is Mr. G. D. Smith’s Harbour Light, by Sundridge, out of Limasol (winner of The Oaks), by Poulet out of Queen of Cyprus, by King Tom. A tempting pedigree is that of Mr. Peter Purcell Gilpin’s Adalia, 1906, by Gallinule out of Self Sacrifice; she has been covered by Aquascutum (sire of Oselle, Fomelhault, and others), last service April 4th. Major McLaughlin is selling a couple of brood mares and four horses in training; among these last is Lillaline, a four year old filly (winner of six races), by St. Martin out of Lenten Lily. This filly ought to make a good brood mare. A nicely bred Martagon mare is Mr. Francis Luscombe’s Cherrimart out of Chinkara (winner of the Plantation Stakes), by Galopin; she is believed to be in foal to Marco. Another really well bred mare is Colonel Hall Walker’s Red Sea, by Gallinule out of Sand Blast (dam of Royal Realm, Colonia and Sandboy); with her is her filly foal, Red Rue by Minoru. Mr. W. A. Higgs, not unknown to fame as a jockey, is turning his attention to breeding a stud and is already doing well. He now offers for sale two brood mares, of which one, Azucena, 1909, is a young Martagon mare out of Azores, by Ayrshire; she is believed to be in foal to Simon Square, last service May 8th. With Friday’s catalogue I shall be able to deal in the next issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

In fog and semi-darkness the racing season of 1913 came to an end at Manchester on Saturday last, when the Manchester November Handicap was won by Mr. L. Winans’ American bred horse, Dalmatian (7st. 8lb.), by a head from Mr. G. Edwardes’ Work-girl (6st. 11lb.).

TRENTON.

PROPOSED RULES FOR POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS.

THE National Hunt Committee deserve the thanks of all hunting men for the concessions they propose to make in the rules for point-to-point racing. It is not too much to say that the most popular event of the hunting season in many countries has been saved for us by the action of the National Hunt Committee. To ask whether this might not have been done before would be ungracious and, perhaps,

unjust. The committee thought—and in this many hunting men will agree with them—that point-to-point racing requires regulation. The National Hunt Committee naturally look at these races from the racing man's point of view. They legislated as if the only thing needful was to keep the point-to-point to its rôle of being a simple trial of horsemanship and judgment over a country. For this reason they desired that the course should be changed every year.

If the same course is always, or even frequently, used, it gives the old hands a great advantage and places new-comers at a disadvantage. Moreover, it diminishes (nothing can destroy) the judgment required to ride over a three or four mile course when the line is familiar to many of the competitors. The National Hunt Committee did not realise that an afternoon's informal racing was what the Masters of Hounds wanted. When they did understand, they doubted the expediency of it. They were well aware of the abuses that might arise and, perhaps, in some degree have crept into point-to-point racing. Courses would be trimmed and made artificial, horses taken away from hunting and sent to trainers, or, perhaps, race-horses brought out to qualify, their riders on these occasions taking little real share in the sport of hunting.

These abuses they desired to check. But hunting people wanted not only a fair test for hunters over a country, but a pleasant afternoon for their supporters. Masters of Hounds as a class care very little for racing, but they are, so far as I can recollect,

always more than desirous of returning the generous hospitality of farmers to themselves and their followers. It was, I think, Lord Lonsdale who began the custom of entertaining farmers at lunch on the occasion of the Quorn Point-to-point. Now, for the most part, it is the members of the Hunt who are the hosts.

The National Hunt Committee hardly, perhaps, grasped the extent to which the point-to-point races and luncheon have become a custom in hunting countries. This has been explained to them. The real feeling of the Masters of Hounds, led by men like the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Leconfield and Mr. Edward Barclay, has been made clear, and the revised rules appear to offer full liberty to any Master of Foxhounds desirous of holding a point-to-point, while making such restrictions as will preserve the necessary discipline and order. It seems, after a careful study of the proposed regulations from the hunting man's point of view, that the proposed concessions should be sufficient, and that the restrictions are not unreasonable or excessive. They are not such as would in any case hamper those who are organising point-to-point meetings with the view of providing a reasonable and legitimate day's sport for the members of Hunts and their friends the farmers. Most of them are necessary to keep these meetings within due and legitimate limits. We have, we may hope, heard the end of a dispute which, after all, was more the result of misunderstandings on both sides than of any ill-will. Such feelings as were created only came after, and not before, the difficulty arose. X.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

FARMYARD MANURE—"POOR" AND "RICH."

IN the old days farmyard manure consisted (1) of the straw used for litter; (2) of the manurial substances resulting from the consumption by folded cattle of straw, hay, roots and other home-grown crops. In these later times the manure has an additional constituent, namely, the manurial value of the cakes and other purchased foods which are now so largely used in cattle feeding. A question calls for answer: To what extent does the added constituent increase the fertility of the soil to which the manure is applied? The farmer of thirty years ago—a stage situated about midway between the two periods referred to—averred there was nothing like cake feeding for making a pasture.

Results obtained at Cockle Park show, however, that suitable mineral manures are infinitely more useful for the purpose than cake feeding. Many farmers ascribe lasting qualities to the manure resulting from the feeding of cakes to sheep on the turnip break. Professor Gilchrist has proved, in three rotation courses out of four, that the manure so obtained has a very short life and is mostly used up by the first crop taken therefrom. Both the older men and also the present-day up-to-date agriculturists do not doubt that a liberal supply of cakes to feeding cattle in courts makes dung rich, nor that this richness possesses the same lasting qualities as what is made without cake. This cherished idea now must also go by the board. In the current number of the *Board of Agriculture Journal* Mr. A. D. Hall gives the results of experiments which he has carried out over the last nine years for the purpose of determining the durability of the fertilising matter contributed by cake to dung, and he shows clearly and in the most convincing manner that the manurial residues of cake contained in dung are just as ephemeral as the same residues applied direct to the turnip break by means of sheep feeding. It is needless to say that Mr. Hall does not indiscriminately condemn the use of cakes, and he makes it clear also that he is considering the question from the point of view of manure production rather than from that of beef-making. He shows that, essential as organic manure is in arable farming, it may be purchased at too great a price, or rather, that the richness produced by cake feeding may be too dearly bought.

The lasting qualities of dung, so far as nitrogen is concerned, are derived, first, from the litter and, secondly, from those foods used which are least readily digested. Digested nitrogen reappears in the urine and is readily soluble; undigested nitrogen is contained in the faeces and is not readily soluble, and is, therefore, only slowly made available for plant food. More than three-fourths of the nitrogen in cakes is digestible, and passes into the urine and is short lived; the greater part of the nitrogen in straw, and about half of that in hay and roots, is undigested and lasts a long time. Hence the lasting qualities of dung come mainly from the home-grown products and only to a small extent from purchased cakes. Mr. Hall reaches the conclusion that where bullock-fattening is not the

first consideration, but where, at the same time, dung must be made for use on the arable land, it would be good practice in times like the present, when purchased foods are costly and store cattle dear, to cut down the cake bill to the lowest possible limit and retain the cattle in the fattening yards for a longer period, rather than incur a heavy cake bill in order to get the animals turned out more quickly. The dung, though less rich in soluble nitrogen, would be just as valuable for keeping up the humus content and the texture of the soil, and if further nitrogen were wanted it could be bought more cheaply in the form of sulphate of ammonia or some other nitrogenous fertiliser. Mr. Hall's article throws additional light on the question of the compensation due to an outgoing tenant who has used purchased foods in his fattening yards. It has been usual to look upon the manurial residues of these as lasting over four crops; evidently they do not endure beyond two, the first of which extracts about three-fourths of the manurial value and the second one-fourth.

J. C.

HOW WE WASTE OUR CATTLE.

The state of the cattle markets and the beef trade at the present time suggests a few words on a subject which has often engaged the writer's pen, and seems to him to deserve a much wider attention than it receives. The country is admittedly short of store cattle and there is every prospect of still higher prices ruling for home-fed beef. In the official market week ending November 10th prime stall-fed shorthorns at Ipswich realised 10s. per 14lb. stone, equal to 5s. 8d. per 8lb., or 8½d. per pound. In the same week at Salford, Gloucester and Dorchester the price of the best of the same breed on offer only made 8s. 5d. per 14lb., a difference of 1½d. per pound, or about £4 on a bullock weighing 80 stone.

Of course, this great difference was owing to the fact that at Ipswich the animals in question were properly "finished" for market, while at the other places named the supplies were drawn from the pastures and were not really "fat" cattle at all, but were in little more than good "store" condition. Now it may be fairly contended that the custom of selling animals in that state is an extremely wasteful one. Not only is there a great deficiency in weight, which might be easily put on by a few weeks' good feeding, but there is also a loss of £4 per head in the price per pound given for "quality" only. During the autumn months this sacrifice of good material is constantly going on. We are short of cattle, and yet we not only slaughter by the thousand calves under a week old, but our bullocks also in immature condition. The lesson we want to see instilled is that all such sales are made at a loss, and that cattle intended for the butcher in the autumn and early winter should either be well fed with artificials in the field, or else go to the stall or yard for a few weeks to make them fit for market. There is no question as to the profit obtainable by so doing, or the benefit that would accrue both to the farmer and the community at large.

A. T. M.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

THE QUORN.

LAST Monday the Quorn were at Asfordby. This is a district of strong fences. Time and the hedge-cutter have made naturally strong blackthorn hedges, springing out of rich soil, impenetrable and sometimes unjumpable. The ditches are wide and deep. It is clear from past history that the country round Asfordby was once easier than it is now; Dick Christian, when he was schooling hunters for Matt Milton, the famous dealer, who would sell a hundred high-priced horses in a season to the Melton men of those days, did a good deal of his work over this country. They had out nine horses a day, and Dick always went to the fixtures across country. It was here he found some of the regular stitchers. These were often higher than a man on horseback, the blackthorn being so entwined, they could not see through them. These fences had a three-fold purpose—they provided firewood when cut down, shelter for the bullocks, and were an effectual barrier against even the most enterprising young ox. The oxer is becoming scarce; wire has almost superseded the oak rail, but the bullfinch still survives. The real disadvantage of this bit of country is not the fences, but the roads. There are too many of them, and they give, in the morning at all events, too many opportunities for motor-cars, foot people and horse people to head foxes. Monday was a day to illustrate the trials of a Master and huntsman in the Shires. Welby Osier Beds—a charming covert and the key to much good country of Belvoir or Quorn—held a good fox. He was headed once or twice and went to ground. The same thing happened again. At last a fox pointed for Old Hills and Scaford. Hounds were a good deal over-ridden and the Master stopped them. On Friday the weather was thoroughly unpleasant, and in the Quorn country, as elsewhere, the scent suffered; stormy, showery weather is generally bad for sport. John o' Gaunt showed plenty of foxes had there been a scent. But it was not until evening that the real sport came. Those who had battled through the rough morning with its many disappointments were rewarded. In a small plantation at Ashby a fox was waiting. Hounds were quickly on the line and raced hard, leaving Ashby Folville and Barsby on the left. Hounds can, when there is a scent, leave the best horse men. The fences do not stop hounds, nor do ridge and furrow delay them as they do horses. A check at Queniborough Spinney was not unwelcome, for there is a sharp ascent to reach it. Leaf held his hounds on, and, hitting the line, the Queniborough country was before them. When horses are quite fresh and later in the year the Queniborough fences are difficult enough, and in most cases impracticable. Stiles are often the simplest if not the easiest exits from some fields. Hounds ran to the right of the road, and this was a help, but the pack soon swung away towards Gaddesby. The unwelcome intervention by a cur dog hindered hounds and gave the fox time to take refuge in a drain at Gaddesby. It was a bright thirty minutes—far enough and fast enough, at all events in its earlier stages, for anyone.

OVER-RIDING.

Several Midland packs, and notably the Quorn, are once more complaining of over-riding. Some good sense and much nonsense is written every season about over-riding hounds. But one thing is certain—that the worst offenders are not always or only the hardest riders. Hounds are too often ridden over by those who, owing to the pace being slow, are making the most of their unaccustomed chance of being near hounds. A bad kind of offender when the pack is unduly pressed on is the man who is always intending to ride hard. He has, through indecision or because he has declined a fence which came fairly on his line, lost the first hunt. He is with hounds once more, and this time is determined not to lose them, and so he and those like him keep pressing on and on. If hounds really begin to run, they are out of it; but it is quite likely that they will have spoilt the chance of the huntsman and hounds to make a run. This is one cause of over-riding. Another is more excusable, but not less adverse to sport. When foxes are headed and turn and twist, some followers are necessarily thrown out. It is the nature of the hunting person to imagine directly he or she loses sight of hounds that they are streaming away across a choice line of country. In reality they are about three or four fields away, baying round a rabbit burrow. Repeated anxieties and disappointments so work up the keen man or woman that for fear of being left they are desperate enough to ride over their best friend or, which is much worse, the Master's best hound. This is a wrong frame of mind and must be checked by authority, but it is quite common, and is the cause of half the over-riding of which we read so much. I am always strongly in favour of the exercise of the Master's authority; it is necessary for sport, and more necessary

than ever now, when men in the hunting field are more lawless than they used to be. Indeed, unless Masters of Hounds can establish their authority (and any steps to do this are legitimate), sport will be spoiled. Over-riding spoils hounds, ruins many a promising gallop, and is unfair to the huntsman.

THE MEYNELL.

All the best scents of the week and the best sport came at the end of last or the beginning of this week, and the Meynell had an excellent run from Shirley Park, which is a well known preserve of foxes, now the property of Sir Peter Walker of Osmaston. Mr. Milbank had his bitch pack out, and they found a gallant fox and had a good gallop to Norbury. A better day, however, was Thursday in last week. Burnaston Gorse seemed to be blank, so closely did the fox lie. The Master had his horn to his lips to blow hounds out when a "holloa" brought the pack helter-skelter through the covert, and then for nearly an hour they ran hard. The hunt took the form of a wide ring. This was a trying time for horses. Hounds can slip along over the grass, but the fences are ragged and come pretty close together, and a steady, temperate horse, deep through the heart and not too hot in the temper, is wanted here, for he will have to stay well or drop out. The only unsatisfactory feature of this hunt was that the fox, after leaving Burnaston for the second time, escaped after crossing the Great Northern Railway, and was not accounted for.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S.

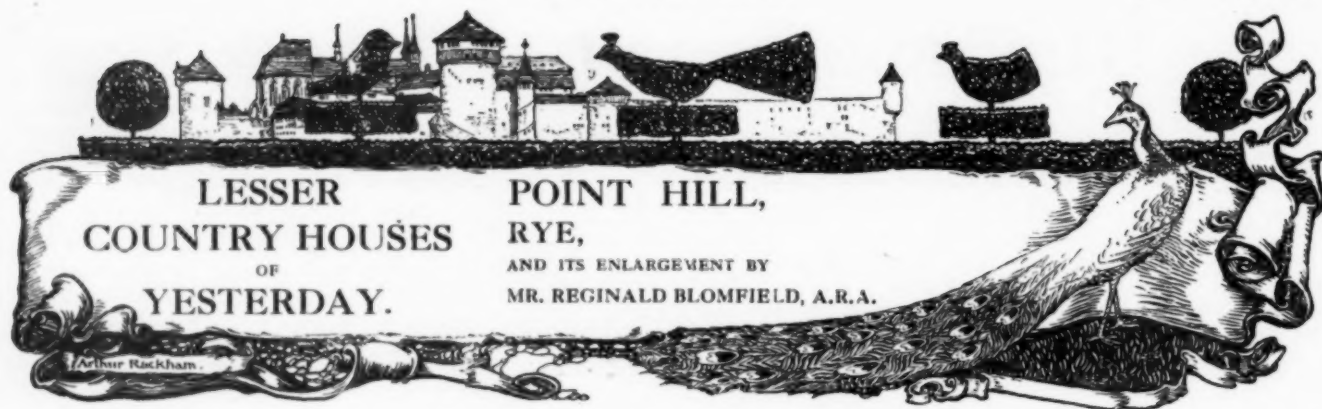
There is always a fascination about the clashing of two packs, and an interest in a joint hunt. It is amusing sometimes to hear the views of the huntsmen afterwards on the performances of the hounds. The Duke of Beaufort's mixed pack, with Walters carrying the horn, had had a long morning's covert work in the deep, good-scenting, but rather sticky country round Tresham. Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds had brought a fox to Kilcot. The latter pack, having met at Tortworth Green, almost in the centre of their country, crossed the border near Wickwar. The two packs joined at Kilcot and had a capital combined hunt right up into the famous Tetbury stone wall country, where the fox was lost. The Berkeley (which had achieved a good eight-mile point) returned to their own country, while the Badminton went on to draw Didmorton.

TWO NOTABLE PROVINCIAL RUNS.

Those who have followed fox-hunting in the provinces must have noticed what sport has rewarded the careful and thorough methods of Mr. Crossman in Cambridgeshire. This is a level plough country, and has had some noted huntsmen, the famous "Bob Ward" among others. It has always owned a first-rate pack, Milton, Atherstone and Belvoir strains, with the Hertfordshire Sampler, being all represented not only in the kennel, but in the hard work of catching a stout fox. The soil of Cambridgeshire carries its best scent after heavy rain. The hounds made a seven-mile point in less than an hour, which means pace in any country. The other hunt was in the Essex and Suffolk country, another of those plough countries which is suited by moisture. Foxes are stout, especially on that side of the country hunted on this occasion. Mr. Burton had his mixed pack out, and they found a fox in Somersham Park Wood and ran to Stoke Park in an hour. Here everyone thought the hunt would come to an end; but the hardest and most remarkable part of the chase was to come. The fox crossed a railway, swam a river, and then the field were held up by some park palings while the pack went on. After a short hesitation Mr. Burton caught sight of the pack running alone. To get to them by the nearest way was impossible; but the Master reached them at last. In Woolverstone Park the fox was given up, the chase having been continued by moonlight. It had then lasted nearly two hours and a-half. This was a great performance for hounds, especially when we recall the fact that they had been through a long and fast gallop in the morning. The condition of the hounds speaks well for Stobbs, the kennel huntsman.

THE VINE.

This pack met in their Kingsclere country on Friday last. On this thin, flinty soil hounds can either run fast or not at all. This was one of the good days. The fox ran up-wind, and the hounds raced after him for twenty minutes. When there is a scent no fox can stand long before these hounds, especially if he travels up-wind. Pace will tail a field as surely as fences. I am not sure whether it will not weed a field out even more quickly than a stiff country, since it is a truth of the hunting-field that more men and women will jump than will really gallop. And a very gallant fox was found in Kingsclere Bushes. X.



IT is among the humours of architectural criticism that, when Mr. William Robinson made the garden at his home at Gravetye Manor, he laid it out on formal lines, and that Mr. Reginald Blomfield's holiday retreat at Rye, now illustrated, is on so precipitous a site that he was driven to abjure formality and content himself with little more than a natural rock garden. The early nineties saw a somewhat strenuous controversy between these champions of the Natural Garden and of the Formal Garden, for which all garden lovers must be grateful, if only because it stimulated Mr. Robinson to write such books as *The Garden Beautiful* and Mr. Blomfield *The Formal Garden in England*. If we are to judge by the state of garden design to-day—some twenty years since the fight was at its fiercest—Mr. Blomfield and the "formalists" have won, in so far as it is now recognised to be part of the architect's work to lay out gardens on architectural lines; but it is a victory of the best sort—without defeat for the other combatants. The "naturalists" had this much justice



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on their side: they claimed that many of the architectural gardens showed a dreary lack of the natural beauty which comes from a loving knowledge of plants and their possibilities; they called their garden gods to witness that carpet bedding and "knots" of broken brick and gravel were usually abominations: and they were right.

It fell to those whose sympathy and insight covered the fields both of design and horticulture—Miss Jekyll's name comes at once to the mind—to harmonise ancient controversies and to popularise a practice of garden-making which owes much to the protagonists on both sides. In this, as in most things, we owe much to the fighting men and still more to the blessed English spirit of compromise. By the time that Mr. Blomfield issued, in 1901, the third edition of his delightful book on the formal garden, peace had been so far restored that he was free to write of the then ageing controversy. "The gardeners said the archi-

tects knew nothing about gardening, and the architects said the gardeners knew nothing about design, and there was a



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SOUTH-EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

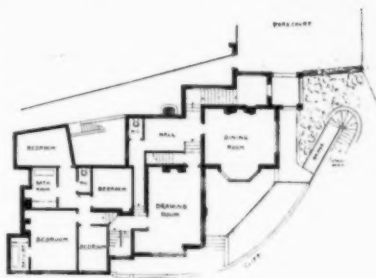


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LOGGIA AND TERRACE.

"C.L."

good deal of truth on both sides." It might well have been with Point Hill in his mind that he added, "There are sites which make a purely formal garden out of the question, and others in which, even if it were possible, it would not be desirable." No one can say he knows Sussex who does not know Rye. Point Hill stands on the brow of the cliff to the north-east of the ancient town, and looks out across the marshes and the winding river, which show distantly in our illustrations.



Upper Ground Floor

PLANS OF

POINT
HILL.



Lower Ground Floor



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"C.L."

On this attractive site there stood a cottage to which Mr. Blomfield has made additions from time to time. The levels show odd vagaries. There is a flat patch which serves as a forecourt and brings the visitor to the pillared porch of our first picture. We go down nearly a score of steps to the hall and

dining-room and a few more to the drawing-room on the upper ground floor. On the floor below is another hall, the kitchen quarters and a sitting-room with loggia opening on to a terrace. This terrace and the stout retaining wall which guards it are seen in our third and fourth pictures. The first floor is given up to bedrooms, and in the little tower above it is a workroom with an adjoining balcony, from which the eye ranges across the marshes to the sea. South-west of the house is a lawn and a small pool-garden; but most of the garden space is almost vertical, and can be reached only by ledge-like paths which creep along the side of the hill and bring us down at last to a little flat space above the lower road. Here Mr. Blomfield was proceeding (when I visited Rye last summer) to justify the formal faith that is in him, by laying out a little hedged pool



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POINT HILL: A NATURAL ROCK GARDEN.

COUNTRY LIFE.



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POINT HILL: ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

garden, but it was not ripe enough to face the camera. For the sort of gardening that the most unformal do approve there is ample scope. The bottom picture on the previous page shows a natural rock garden; and, indeed, I can imagine no happier spot than Point Hill for anyone with the double taste for rock gardening and cliff climbing. In such a situation Mr. Blomfield, as vigorous an exponent of the classical manner in architecture as



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DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"C.L."

of the formal principle in garden design, has been content, and wisely, to continue in his enlargements of the house the simple building traditions that he found. As the plan grew with an added room here and a new wing there, fitted in as the random levels of the site allowed, the elevations grew at random too, here with brick walls showing, there weather-boarded and tile-hung elsewhere. In the result, Point Hill has all the uncontrived charm of those houses, which have grown almost haphazard and tickle the fancy with the relish of the unexpected.

L. W.

ARCHITECTURAL BOOKS.

EDINBURGH AND STIRLING.

Edinburgh Revisited, by James Bone. Illustrated by Hanslip Fletcher. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

Stirling Castle, by Eric Stair-Kerr. Illustrated by Hugh Armstrong Cameron. (Maclehose.)

MR. JAMES BONE'S gossip about Edinburgh is so shrewd and amusing that this cheap edition of *Edinburgh Revisited* is very welcome. The appreciations of the architectural merits of the city are lively beyond what we expect of such criticism. There is a joyous story of a grocer who marked his commercial pilgrimage by leaving a shop with one Doric pilaster for another with "Ionic columns a quarter engaged," and ended in a blaze of glory with premises that boasted fluted Corinthian columns and a full entablature. Princes Street is better "than Piccadilly with Dover Castle set in the Green Park . . . but for the hotel with the huge tower, there is nothing to be said. Too prosperous for a white elephant, not handsome enough for a giraffe, it puts the Calton Hill completely out of scale. . . . Queen Street leads you to Moray Place, which is to Charlotte Street what Belgrave is to Berkeley Square. It is a heavy

father of a place, massive as a Raeburn portrait, with a tremendous entablature. . . . When James Payn lived in Edinburgh he made a great ado about the east wind. Robert Chambers solemnly protested that the same isothermal band passed through Edinburgh and London. 'I know nothing about isothermal bands,' was Payn's reply, 'but I know that I never saw a four-wheeled cab blown upside down in London.' And so Mr. Bone runs on in great good spirits, and gives us a book that will please everyone who knows Edinburgh, and a good many who do not. Mr. Stair-Kerr takes Stirling Castle with becoming seriousness. Despite its physical likeness to Edinburgh—both have castles sitting high on precipitous rocks—Stirling has a grim history, with no later Athenian town to soften the tale of murder and foray with gentle literary associations. The story is told picturesquely; for all that, it is accurate. We could wish that the account of the Castle buildings had been made more intelligible by the inclusion of a plan. It is fair to address a complaint to an antiquary who omits so obvious a help to understanding. Mr. Stair-Kerr brings out the influence, said to have been baneful, on King James III. of his architect, Cochrane, who built the Parliament House at Stirling. It was for political rather than aesthetic reasons that Cochrane was hanged at Lauder Bridge, when Angus "belled the cat." The great nobles did not like these artists interfering in State affairs. He has, however, missed a curious example of history repeating itself. The most notable feature of the work at the Castle done in the reigns of James IV. and his successor was the Renaissance detail introduced by Hamilton of Finnart, both cup-bearer and architect to James V. Mr.

Stair-Kerr might have noted that he died a like violent death, nearly sixty years later than Cochrane, because he also found political intrigue more amusing than architecture. Mr. Stair-Kerr suggests that the Renaissance work at Stirling is the earliest in Scotland, but it seems more likely that this honour belongs to Falkland, though in either case we have Hamilton of Finnart to thank. However, these are small, if interesting, points, and the student of Scottish history will be grateful for a succinct and scholarly account of Stirling's place in the national annals.

SIXTEEN FAMOUS BUILDINGS.

Some Famous Buildings and Their Story, by Alfred W. Clapham and Walter H. Godfrey. (Technical Journals, Limited.)

THIS volume gathers together some interesting data, the results of recent research in London and elsewhere, about famous buildings, some of which, like the Fortune Theatre, Northumberland House and Sir Thomas More's house at Chelsea, survive only in scattered plans and bird's-eye views. The authors of these useful labours in architectural history are admirably equipped with the knowledge, enthusiasm and patience needed for the unravelling of the often bewildering story of buildings which have been altered continually, even if not destroyed altogether. Mr. Clapham has a useful, if all too short, chapter on the origin of the domestic hall, as well as contributions to the history of the Tower of London, Nonsuch Palace, etc. We share his wish that the ground plan of Nonsuch might be recovered by excavation. Mr. Godfrey discourses with the ease of familiarity about Chelsea, which he has scheduled for the *Survey of London*. His chapter on Abbot's Hospital, Guildford, and other almshouses is an essay in a direction which might well be pursued: the subject deserves to be handled in a comprehensive way. Books like these are valuable running commentaries on the drier surveys which are being published in such forms as the Reports of the Royal Commissions on Historical Monuments, the Victoria County Histories of England and the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London. They help to impart a human interest to the subject matter which archaeologists are busy in recording. The tracing of architectural developments and the relation between stones and sites and the men who worked them into the fabric of history are pious acts.

"COUNTRY LIFE" COMPETITION DESIGNS.

BY the courtesy of the President and Council of the Architectural Association, the designs submitted in the Competition held last spring for a House to be built at Forest Row, Sussex, will be exhibited at the Royal Architectural Museum, 18, Tufon Street, Westminster, from Monday, December 1st, to Saturday, December 6th between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. All readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* are invited to attend this exhibition; there will be no charge for admission. Among the designs exhibited will be not only those to which prizes were awarded by the Jury of Assessors, but also a large number of others which were chosen by the assessors as likely to be of interest to the public, professional and lay. It will be remembered that the results of the competition were published in a special supplement to *COUNTRY LIFE*, issued on June 28th, 1913. Our readers who are more especially interested in architectural matters will doubtless be glad of this opportunity to visit the home of the Architectural Association, which has done such yeoman service in the cause of architectural education. The work of the Association is carried out in close conjunction with the Royal Institute of British Architects, and its educational system has lately been revised and extended on the most approved lines.



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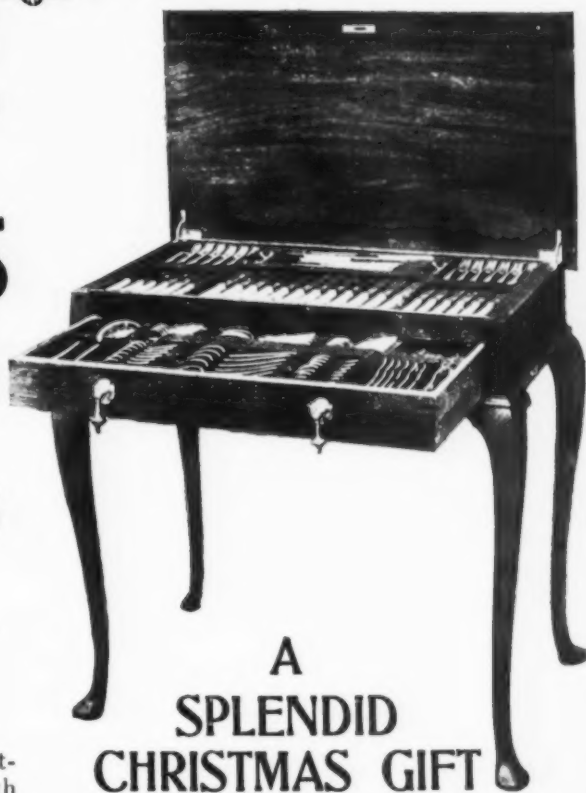
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THE NEW REGISTRATION RULE.

FROM time to time determined attempts are made to undermine the influence of the Kennel Club, now one regulation being seized upon for criticism, and now another. Almost before the club had shed its puppy teeth the decision to impose



MRS. ADAM'S PRINCE'S DOUBLE.

compulsory registration aroused a resentment, which, in view of the beneficial operation of the rule as tested by experience, seems to-day altogether inexplicable. Nothing better has been done in the whole history of kennel legislation. Coming to a more recent date, most of us can recall from personal recollection the outcry

raised when it was determined to bring all shows within the purview of the central authority, and for months a serious schism was threatened. Again, I think practically everybody, on contemplating the enormous impetus that has been given to dog showing, will say that the result has more than justified the course taken. At the present moment the extension of the registration rule to exhibits at sanction shows is the bone of contention. No member of the Kennel Club, I imagine, objects to fair and reasonable criticism. So long as it is performing public functions it must be prepared to have its acts discussed, weighed and dissected. That is but inevitable and just, and no one wishes it to be otherwise; but at the same time it is desirable that misrepresentation should be avoided. As far as I can see, little has been said by way of argument against the desirability or otherwise of compelling all dogs to be registered, the main line taken apparently being that the members of the club, for the purpose of bolstering up the social side, wish to extort more money from the public, attempts being made to prove that this department is unable to pay its way on its present income. Well, if those adopting this attitude were to inform themselves of the extremely modest accommodation set apart for the use of the members, I think they would come round to the view that these gentlemen must be uncommonly easy-going people to be content to get so little for a five-guinea subscription. I could show them plenty of clubs where far more is given for nearly half the money. In the

elaborate imaginary figures that have been published, too, no account is taken of the money spent by members on eating and refreshments. The catering side is left out of the question altogether. Perhaps it is thought that members lunch, dine and drink at the expense of the public. Fortunately, members are perfectly satisfied with one general room and the partial use of another in which they can feed when it is not occupied by committees engaged in administrative work. In the last ten or fifteen years great changes, many of us think lamentable changes, have come over club life, the demand for luxuries, ostentatious quarters and innumerable conveniences converting these establishments into little more than hotels. The old spirit, with good fellowship as its motive power, is rapidly disappearing; more is the pity. Happily, the Kennel Club belongs to the old order, and I am quite sure if ever an unfortunate demand for greater services and more spacious accommodation arose, members would expect to pay the piper out of their own pockets.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Let us look at the other side for a moment. My own experience of sanction shows is limited, but a man who has been intimately concerned with their operation gave it as his considered opinion the other day that



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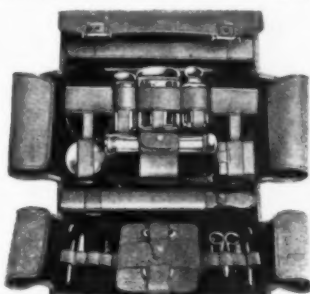


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universal registration was a wise and defensible measure. Some of the criticism undoubtedly arises through misapprehension. I heard one gentleman condemn the regulation because it would operate harshly on working men who wished to exhibit litters of puppies, for which they often found a sale at these little shows. How could they afford to register these? Well, the reply is that puppies exhibited solely in litters do not have to be registered, a fact which I should have thought was known to everyone. Furthermore, entries in local classes (*i.e.*, confined to a county or to a twenty-mile radius) are also exempt. Whether or no the committee would permit shows composed exclusively of local classes I cannot say. If they would, I should say it would be a good thing. The ostensible object of these small fixtures being the encouragement of the novice, anything that discourages the bigger people from competing serves a useful purpose. It must be remembered that, once paid, the registration fee for a dog is done with; unlike licences, it is not an annual impost,



MR. H. D. LONGE'S NIMBUS.

and I am convinced that a dog is more saleable when registered, especially if his parents have also been subjected to the same formality. To a certain extent it is a proof of his *bona fides*. Most important of all for the critics of the club to remember: to the efforts of the club to exterminate shady practices is attributable the enormous influx of wealthy men and women into the exhibiting world, whereby a profitable market has been opened up to the small man, the working man dog-lover who hopes to make his hobby alike pleasurable and profitable, and without this market he would be in a poor way. If he considers the matter in this light, I am convinced that he will regard the half-crown registration fee as a sound investment. Any weakening of the authority of the Kennel



SIR EDMUND CHAYTOR'S CH. MANORLEY MAGPIE.

Club will be fraught with the most serious consequences to the pursuit, for I am certain that the popularity of dog showing and breeding would diminish in proportion. Another small point should not be overlooked. The argument that the income of the club from this source will be nearly doubled will not for a moment admit of examination. Are we really to believe that the 418 sanction shows held last year were as productive of entries as the 522 held under rules, forty of which were championship fixtures? And although it may sound somewhat paradoxical at first, it is true that the larger the number of registrations, the heavier the comparative cost of dealing with them, for the simple reason that the difficulties of research in the office are so much multiplied.

POCKET BEAGLES.

Small beagles have been bred scientifically for so many years at Hopetoun House, South Queensferry, that it is not surprising to know they have reached a high state of perfection. Indeed, Lord Linlithgow's pocket beagles are the envy of all beholders, and I wish there were many more like them. The present peer's enthusiasm is inherited from his father, who was very keen, and did all he could to support the interests of his favourites. Hopetoun Lantern always seems to me a model of what a small beagle should be, and her son, Hopetoun Lascar, exhibits many of her admirable qualities. He was first in the class for hounds not exceeding ten inches at the Kennel Club.

SCHIPPERKES.

Considering the satisfactory appearance they make at any show of importance, I cannot help feeling that for some reason or other Schipperkes fail to get as much publicity as they deserve. As theatrical people term it, they rarely have a "good press." Being smart, trappy little fellows, with a vivaciousness of demeanour, they should endear themselves to all who want pleasant household pets. The last Kennel Club Show attracted quite a sound entry, among which the champion bitch was Mrs. Killick's Champion May Queen. One could not wish to study a more typical example, her ten challenge certificates and many first prizes proving that she ranks high among the present-day specimens.

A HANDSOME PYRENEAN.

So long as Pyrenean Mountain dogs of the stamp of Milanollo St. Amant can be bred in this country it will not be necessary for us to reinforce our stock from the Continent, unless it is for the introduction of a change of blood. Lady Sibyl Grant, his owner and breeder, exhibited him for the first time at the Alexandra Palace last week, where he headed each of the classes for any variety of foreign dogs, and was awarded also the Gray Silver Cup for the best foreigner present. He is most pleasing in every respect, having great size and substance, the correct type, and the activity of a terrier. This last feature is one of the most charming traits of the Pyreneans, who have none of the phlegm and indolence of many of the larger kinds. Dignity they have, it goes without saying, and an intense devotion to their owner, for whom they would sacrifice their life with the utmost readiness, yet they are so gentle that they are not out of place in a house.

THE ARISTOCRATIC SPANIEL.

Among the canine aristocracy the Clumber spaniel undoubtedly takes a high position, possessing an air of breeding that is apparent even to those who do not profess a profound knowledge of his points, as one may see from the picture of Mr. H. D. Longe's Nimbus, the leading dog at the Kennel

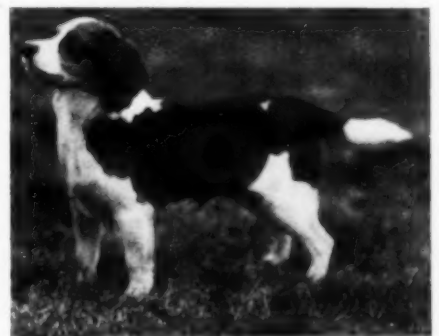


MRS. KILLICK'S CH. MAY QUEEN.

Club Show. He is a sound all-round specimen. At Cambridge in August Mr. Harding Cox gave him three first prizes.

A ST. BERNARD GIANT.

Miss A. M. M. Waller's imposing smooth St. Bernard, Longville Abbot, enjoyed the distinction of being the tallest dog in the Kennel Club Show with the exception of an Irish wolfhound, who topped him at the shoulders, though not at the hips. Fortunately, he is well put together also, and the judge had not much difficulty in awarding him the challenge certificate, afterwards writing of him: "I made this the best dog. He has greatly



THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW'S HOPETOUN LASCAR.

improved since I last saw him, has a grand head, immense bone and good body."

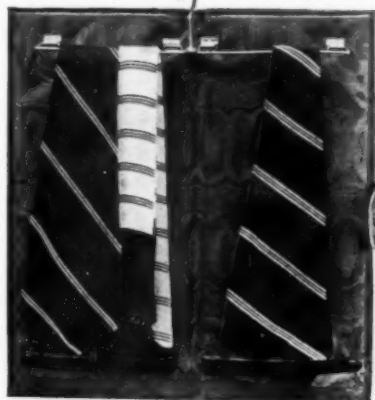
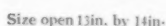
GREYHOUND IN MINIATURE.

The position of the whippet on the show bench seems to be advancing, and I shall not be surprised to find him more popular still. One of his most devoted adherents is Sir Edmund Chaytor, whose well-known bitch, Champion Manorley Magpie, is illustrated this week.

A CHOW WITH A HISTORY.

When honours fell in copious showers upon Mrs. Herbert Adam's beautiful red chow, Prince's Double, at the recent Kennel Club Show, people began to ask how it came about that so good a dog had practically reached his eighth year before appearing in public, for his first outing occurred at Richmond in the summer.

A. CROXTON SMITH.



"CROSS" HANGING TIE CASE

The Illustration shows how, on opening the case, the ties are displayed hanging over the gilt-bar. It is the work of a man without doing it neatly. When the case is quite flat and the pressure thus brought to bear on the ties tends to keep them free from creases. The ties are so conveniently arranged that there is no trouble in taking out the one you want to wear. As a gift from a lady to a gentleman, few things could be more acceptable. Green, **13/6**
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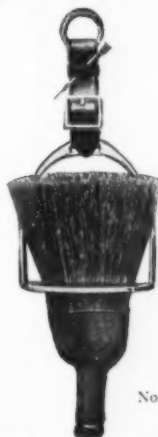
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SOUTHERN RHODESIA AS A RANCHING COUNTRY.



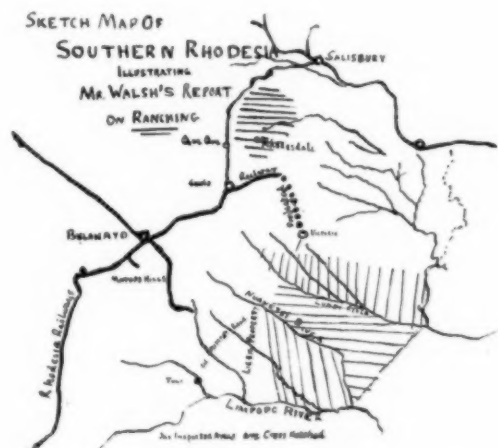
DARWINDALE, NEAR SALISBURY (RHODESIAN RANCHING COMPANY).

DURING the last decade the meat exports from the United States have decreased to an enormous extent, while the same causes are producing similar results in the Argentine trade; but never has the world's demand for meat been greater than it is to-day, for the standard of living in the countries of Central Europe is going up steadily, hence their demand for foreign meat, as their home supply does not increase at a proportionate rate. When we consider the ranching facilities of the virgin countries of the world, few can compare with Rhodesia. A fact which was early appreciated by the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, which is one of the largest ranching companies of the world, and has acquired immense properties in Southern Rhodesia. Professor Wallace of the Faculty of Agriculture of Edinburgh University has written a most favourable report upon Southern Rhodesia as a ranching country, in the course of which he says: "I formed a very high opinion of its possibilities for the breeding and raising of cattle for beef," and he gives also some valuable notes upon cross-breeds suitable to the country; but it is upon the confidential report made by Mr. Richard Walsh, the famous Texan ranching expert, that we have based this article. Mr. Walsh commences the portion of the report which we propose to quote with an account of his visit to Rhodesdale.

RHODESDALE.

"I visited Rhodesdale on April 9th, arriving there just after a very good rain which was much needed, and while on the property came in for two nights' and a day's heavy rain which will ensure good grass for the winter feeding of the stock. I saw about two thousand of the native Mashonaland cattle here, the first I had seen. They are very small, and similar to the Kerry cattle in Ireland. They are very nice little cattle, well formed, and wonderfully prolific breeders, and carry very good condition under the most trying system of kraaling. Under this system cattle are kraaled at five o'clock in the evening, and not let out again until nine or ten o'clock the next morning. In wet weather it is particu-

larly hard on the cattle, and causes the loss of many calves by their being trampled to death. I saw the calves from the native cows by Africander bulls, and the cross was wonderfully good. It gave a great increase in size, inherited from the Africander sire, who is a large, rough, ill-shaped animal, whose only qualification is his size. The calves also derived a smooth, good quality from their mothers, and altogether I consider this to be a very good first cross on these small cows. The animals from this first cross when they



are eighteen months old are as large as their mothers. I also saw twenty-three cows that were imported from the Eastern District of Cape Colony eighteen months previously by Mr. Coope. The original importation consisted of twenty-five head, and there are twenty-three living to-day and have twenty-two calves by their sides, and by this time the twenty-third will have had a calf. Two died from accidents, one being bitten by a snake and the other was choked while being drenched. I saw the short-horn cows imported from England by Mr. Mason, and also two very good shorthorn bulls, also imported by Mr. Mason. They were doing well, as was later proved by their winning so many prizes at the Gwelo Stock Show. They seemed perfectly at home and happy on the veldt.

"From Rhodesdale I travelled North, crossing the Sebakwe, the Umniati, the Ngesi and Umsweswe Rivers, all of which were very high owing to the recent rains. I am told that they do not run continually through the dry summer months, but there are good holes of water in them during the driest season, quite enough for a great number of cattle. I consider all the country from Rhodesdale Homestead to the Umsweswe River and ten miles north of the Umsweswe, very suitable for cattle ranching if more water were developed. From the Umsweswe River I made my way south-west to the railway at Que-Que, passing through good ranching country all the way. I consider the grasses to be very good in this part of the country.



CATTLE ON THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S RHODESDALE RANCH.



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THE SOUTHERN OR LUNDI RIVER DISTRICTS.

"The country that interests me most and offers the best inducements for cattle ranching is that commencing about thirty miles south of Victoria and extending to the Portuguese border on the east and the Transvaal on the south. There is approximately 10,000,000 acres of land in this area practically uninhabited. Included in this area is the Matibi Native reserve, of about 3,500,000 acres. It is a very good piece of country that would do admirably for cattle. I have made three divisions of this country and have a map showing them plainly.

THE NORTHERN DIVISION.

"The first or northern division is bounded on the north by the Shumba and Ndanga Reserves and on the south by the Lundi River; on the east by the Portuguese territory and on the west by the Chibi Reserve. There are approximately 3,160,000 acres in this tract. Included in this tract there are three ranches already established—the Makorse River Ranch, the Chiredzi Ranch and Forrester's Ranch, the Nzazugavi.

THE MIDDLE DIVISION.

"The Middle Division contains approximately 3,500,000 acres. Three-fourths of this is Matibi Reserve, which is not required for natives and is practically unoccupied. This division is bounded on the north by the Lundi River, on the South by the Nuanetsi River, on the east by the Portuguese territory, and on the west by the Old Pioneer Road from Tuli to Victoria and by part of the Liebig property. This Middle Division is fairly well watered by rivers, but, of course, if it were fully stocked, water would have to be developed. The greater part of it is very good land, which will be valuable for farming when the country develops. Parts of it are thickly wooded with mopani, which will be valuable for fencing and building purposes. In the western part of this division there is a good deal of granite country, which could be used in the wet season when the Noboro or low veld is too wet. There is a sweet, short grass that the stock are very fond of on the greater part of this division.

THE SOUTHERN DIVISION.

"The Southern Division would be bounded on the north by part of the Liebig property, and the Nuanetsi River on the north and east, on the south by the Limpopo or Crocodile River, and on the west by the Liebig property. This division comprises approximately 3,590,000 acres. It is fairly well watered. The principal rivers are the Nuanetsi, the Bube and the Limpopo rivers, besides a number of smaller rivers. There is a great deal of Noboro veld in this division. It is a very rich soil, most suitable for growing mealies."

The only great difficulty in Southern Rhodesia is to procure sufficient water for the cattle, but Messrs. Liebig have found on their estates that they could obtain water nearly everywhere by digging wells from 20ft. to 30ft. deep while in many parts the erection of dams would solve the problem, once and for all. This has been done in very many places in Texas, the cost of each dam varying from £200 to £400. Redwater fever, a tickborne disease, is found in both Texas and Rhodesia. It can be rendered comparatively harmless by systematic dipping. Both the grasses and the climate are good, and the excellent condition of the native cattle under most inefficient management and an injurious kraaling system shows that the future of Southern Rhodesia as a great ranching country is assured.

SOME AMERICAN . . . COUNTRY CLUBS.

IN England we have, as a rule, to go to one place for one game and to another place for another game. We do not have them all brought together for us in one and the same spot, as it might be the switchback and the Dragon's Gorge and the moving staircase at Earl's Court. There are, to be sure, Hurlingham and Ranelagh, where polo is supplemented by the more effeminate croquet, and a game called golf may be even played round the polo-field. Again, at Stoke Poges, and more particularly at the new club at St. George's Hill, the American seed has begun to produce tentative fruit; but the country club in its full blown splendour is not yet to be found in this country. A very brief stay in America enabled me to see only two or three of these wonderful institutions, and of these the most complete was, I think, that at Brookline, some four or five miles out of Boston, which was, incidentally, the scene of Mr. Ouimet's now historic victory over Vardon and Ray in the Open Golf Championship. Golf is, indeed, only an incident at Brookline; there are so many other amusements in which it is possible to indulge.

There is no mention of Brookline in the club's title; it proudly calls itself "The Country Club" because it was the first one to

be founded in America, "way back" in 1882. There was no golf course then, and it was by a stroke of pure good fortune that the club established itself in a piece of excellent golfing country. The club-house is a long, low, rambling wooden building, covering a large area of ground and jutting out here and there into rather unexpected pieces that have been added from time to time. In front lies a big flat expanse of grass, the polo ground. Round it runs the racecourse, and at one side stands the big white grandstand, looking a little forlorn and derelict since stringent laws against betting appear to have reduced American racing to rather a low ebb. There is also a steeplechase course, that goes meandering round the fine, park-like stretch of ground which is now the golf course. It is, by the way, an extremely beautiful park. Once it was practically all woodland, but much ruthless clearing of trees and blasting of rock was done, and now there are wide avenues stretching in every direction, while the rocks do no more than add a touch of wildness and romance. There are lawn tennis courts and also a squash rackets court, and indoors, of course, billiard tables in plenty. Nor does this exhaust the list. When, from about Christmas-time onwards, the rigours of a Boston winter put a stop to the various out-of-door amusements, there are winter sports. As one goes up the slope to the eighth hole, one can see dimly through the trees on one's left the fine ponds that are given over to curling and skating. On the bank is a wooden building, where skates can be put on and off, and lunch be eaten. So that once the winter sportsman is there he can spend a whole heavenly day in the open air. It is possible to stay, as I have grateful reason to remember, in extreme comfort at the club—indeed, I think there is room for some twenty or thirty; and some members live there regularly through the summer months.

Not far from Boston and close to Lake Wenham, familiar to us by reason of its ice, is another very interesting club, although it is not strictly a country club, namely, the Myopia Hunt Club. It possesses one of the two best golf courses in America, and, like Brookline, it possesses it more or less by accident, since the members went to their present quarters to hunt long before they thought of golf. The intelligent stranger, somewhat rusty in classical derivations, is apt to enquire whether the name of the club is an ancient Indian word. The real explanation is more prosaic: there was an Amateur Baseball team, nine of whom played in spectacles; so they chose the name to commemorate this weakness, and after various transformations the name became vested in its present owners. They no longer play baseball, but they have three chief amusements—hunting, golf and polo. The club is much smaller than that at Brookline. It possesses only some hundred or hundred and fifty members, though I believe a hundred additional members in the nature of helots or outlanders are allowed to join for purely golfing purposes. The club-house, which is right in the middle of genuine country, was to begin with an old farmhouse, to which a big ladies' dining-room and a jolly wide verandah and various other rooms have been added from time to time, so that one is always losing one's-self and coming on little mysterious steps up or down, and feeling generally as if one were rambling about some old coaching inn. The illusion is heightened by the panelling in some of the old rooms, and also by the apparently interminable stables outside. In this most engaging house the members live a simple life with just the right degree of comfort. At intervals the more gallant of them break out into dinner-parties, with ladies as their guests. On the night that I stayed there I fell asleep to the strains of a member playing the violin to an evening party, and awoke to hear some Myopian John Peel with his horn and his hounds in the morning.

Rather like the Myopian Club, in the home-like, comfortable feeling that it gives to the stranger, is the Meadowbrook Club on Long Island, where the "big four" beat our polo players this summer. The quiet room, hung with sporting prints and possessed of leather armchairs of indescribable largeness and softness, makes one rub one's eyes and doubt if one is not at home again. It is an illusion that is quickly removed by the sandy road outside, which bumps one into ruts and throws one high in the air after the pleasant manner of American roads. Meadowbrook once had a golf course—one of the earliest in America—but this has now ceased to exist, and the club is entirely a hunting and polo club.

Another genuine country club that I saw was the Onwentsia Club, not far from Chicago. This is the country club of the West, and a most agreeable place it is. The country round Chicago is for the most part flat and ugly; but not far from Onwentsia there are some really lovely views from a wooded cliff looking down upon the lake, and also some wonderful deep ravines full of great trees, the like of which I have never seen elsewhere. The club-house at Onwentsia has a pretty park with pleasant trees in it, which is the golf course—a very good golf course, for the ladies who swarm upon it, but judged by more exacting standards, rather dull. The great game at Onwentsia is not golf, however, but lawn tennis. There are rows of fine courts, which are the scene of Western championships and other big tournaments and have witnessed some of the triumphs of the great Mr. MacLoughlin, the "Californian Comet." That which I should personally have liked to have seen at Onwentsia was an annual function called a "Pow-wow." The Pow-wow goes on for two riotous and happy days, and the rioters—who must, be it observed, be over forty years old—first indulge in various golf competitions and then in a dinner, for which they solemnly array themselves as Red Indians in full war-paint. We shall doubtless get to country clubs in England, but never, I fear, an elderly gentleman singing choruses before the fish has left the table and pretending to be Hiawatha.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE FOUR-POSTER.

ONE always feels about Christmas presents that they should be as far as possible out of the ordinary, so that whatever they lack, they may at least have the charm of the unexpected. This is an entirely commendable aim providing the even more essential point of fitness is not lost sight of, and that originality and utility may walk hand in hand with excellent effect is evident from the



MAGAZINE TROUGH.

number of charming articles depicted on this page, for which Messrs. Heal and Son of Tottenham Court Road, W., are responsible. There is always a touch of originality about Messrs. Heal's furniture, which, allied to the excellence of its materials and workmanship, commends it particularly for the purpose of present-giving. The magazine trough which we illustrate, for example, is a thoroughly useful article which would contribute in no small measure towards the tidiness of most households; at the same time, it is pleasing and moderately priced.



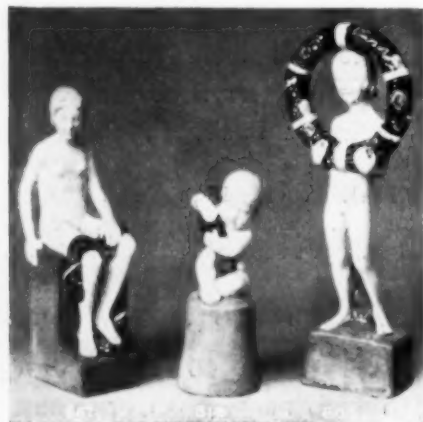
AN EMPIRE SETTEE.

The Empire settee below is a very attractive piece of furniture in mahogany inlaid with black bands and fine cane panels. It has all the light grace of the period, and, at the same time, its wide seat and loose down cushions make it an extremely comfortable lounge. A little mahogany étagère in late eighteenth century style, with slender cross-banded legs, would be an ideal piece of furniture for a small room, for the top provides space for a few favourite books, the shelves above for pretty china oddments, and the drawer beneath for loose papers, etc. Speaking of books, there is a mahogany case shown below with carved mouldings and drawers beneath which will hold quite a number of volumes without being too heavy to hang on the wall, though, as a matter of fact, it would make an excellent finish to a flat-topped escritoire or something of that kind.



A STANDING BOOKCASE.

of books, etc. Speaking of books, there is a mahogany case shown below with carved mouldings and drawers beneath which will hold quite a number of volumes without being too heavy to hang on the wall, though, as a matter of fact, it would make an excellent finish to a flat-topped escritoire or something of that kind.



"JUGEND" STATUETTES.

The inspiration for the charming little "Jugend" statuettes doubtless came, as their name implies, from the Fatherland; but "Jugend," fortunately, belongs to all nations and all the ages, and these delicately modelled little figures, of which there are



TALL CANDLESTICKS.

several patterns at 2s. 6d. and 5s., will without fail make a strong artistic appeal to the Christmas shopper. While on the subject of china, mention must be made, too, of some delightful Wedgwood coffee sets. The one we show is in cream ware banded with black and green, price 30s., of which the effect is unfortunately lost in illustration, and among other shapes is another equally charming and very graceful Wedgwood in black and white with a brightly coloured border. Each of these sets is accompanied by a circular mahogany tray.



COMBINING BEAUTY AND USEFULNESS.

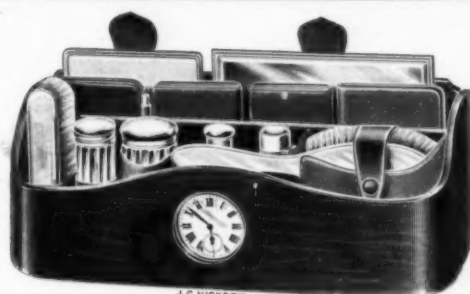
Among smaller articles, the Cashmere candlesticks, the middle pair shown, are new and originally decorated with bright Oriental colouring in three sizes, 12s. 6d., 20s. and 25s. The taller ones are essentially English, carried out in plain walnut or mahogany, and the smallest are in cream enamel, hand-decorated in colour. The little octagonal tea-caddy, with panels inlaid with coloured woods, at 25s., is charming, and so are some old-fashioned mahogany jewel-boxes inlaid with ebony and mother-o'-pearl. Then there is a sensible hot water jug in brass with a tinned lining and caned handle (10s. 6d.) which, beside being good to look at, really will keep the water hot, since the lid is made with a flange which fits down and renders it air-tight. Finally, for the babies there is a fascinating Noah's ark filled with the most expressively carved and painted animals, and Noah and all his relations true to tradition, if not to life.

These and numerous other articles are illustrated in a dainty Christmas catalogue, the spirit of which is indicated by an impressionist Christmas tree on the cover, which will be sent post free on application.



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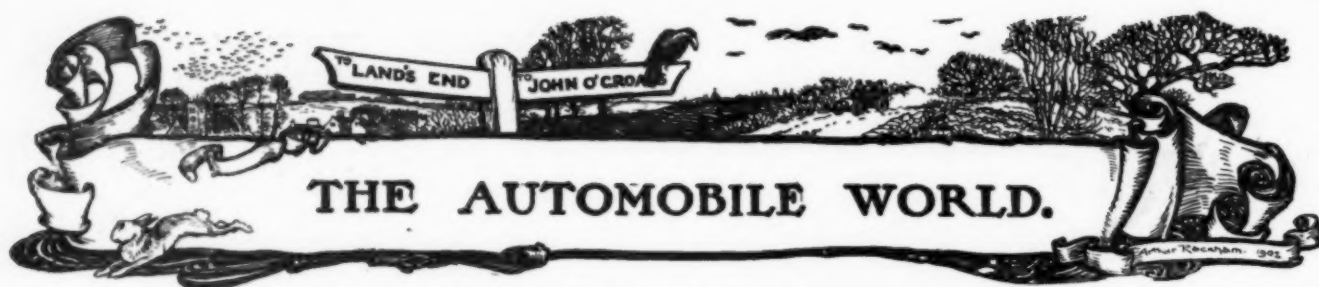
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THE CALCULATION OF DEPRECIATION.

THE car owner who keeps a record of his motoring expenses is often puzzled to know what amount should be written off every year for depreciation. The question is one which has vexed the minds of motorists ever since the beginning of automobilism, and still forms the subject of many a discussion. Some enthusiasts who write to the papers to say how little their cars cost them to run calmly ignore the item of depreciation altogether—an easy way out of the difficulty that deceives no one. Others, less enthusiastic but more business-like, write off about 25 per cent. of the first cost of the car, a sum which not infrequently equals the total running costs for the year. Somewhere between these two extremes is to be found the truth, though it is not easy to arrive at a really satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

The practice of writing off annually a large percentage of the initial outlay took its rise in the early days of motoring, when progress in design was very rapid and the model of one season became out of date on the appearance of its successor. At that time an interval of twelve months would often see a reduction of as much as 30 per cent. or even 40 per cent. in the market value of a car, unless the owner had been fortunate enough to secure early delivery of some much sought after type. Experiences such as these gave rise to the belief that cars depreciated very rapidly in value, and it was sometimes said that by the time a new machine was delivered at the purchaser's door it was only worth about two-thirds of what he paid for it, as it had by then acquired the second-hand status. To such an extent was the idea carried that we remember a coach-builder in the Annexe at Olympia a few years ago declining to fold back the hood of a landaulet, on the ground that it would make the body second-hand.

Nowadays the yearly model system of output has been abandoned by a large number of makers, and the second-hand

value of any car of fairly recent date is judged more by its condition and far less by its age. At any rate, the practice of writing off year by year a fixed percentage for depreciation, regardless of other considerations, is certainly misleading and unfair to the reputation of the motor vehicle for durability. Any calculation of the sort which ignores mileage argues that it is immaterial for the purpose of arriving at depreciation whether a car covers 5,000 miles or 20,000 miles in a year, which is obviously absurd. In the former case a car might be as good as new, so far as its running was concerned, at the end of the first year; in the latter, an expensive overhaul would almost certainly be necessary.

Again, the question is complicated by the difficulty of arriving at the exact meaning to be attached to the expression "depreciation." If it be taken to mean the difference between cost when new and selling value at any subsequent moment, the matter can only be settled by the state of the second-hand market. The latter is influenced by a number of considerations, such as the reputation of the maker and the extent of his output, the type of body fitted, the time of year, the power of the engine, and, of course, the condition of the chassis and its body-work. The second-hand cars of certain firms are recognised to fetch very high prices. Some others may be regarded as practically unsaleable. A depreciation of 50 per cent. might not be too much to allow for six months' hard wear of, say, a lightly built cheap machine of an unknown maker, while 10 per cent. would cover the loss on a high-class vehicle of a type for which there is a large demand.

Closed cars are admittedly more easy to dispose of than open ones, and the spring or early summer is a better time to sell than the autumn or winter. Then, again, makers occasionally reduce their prices, which involves a corresponding reduction in the selling value of every second-hand car of their manufacture, apart from



C. U. Knox.

OLD HOUSES AT WINCHESTER.

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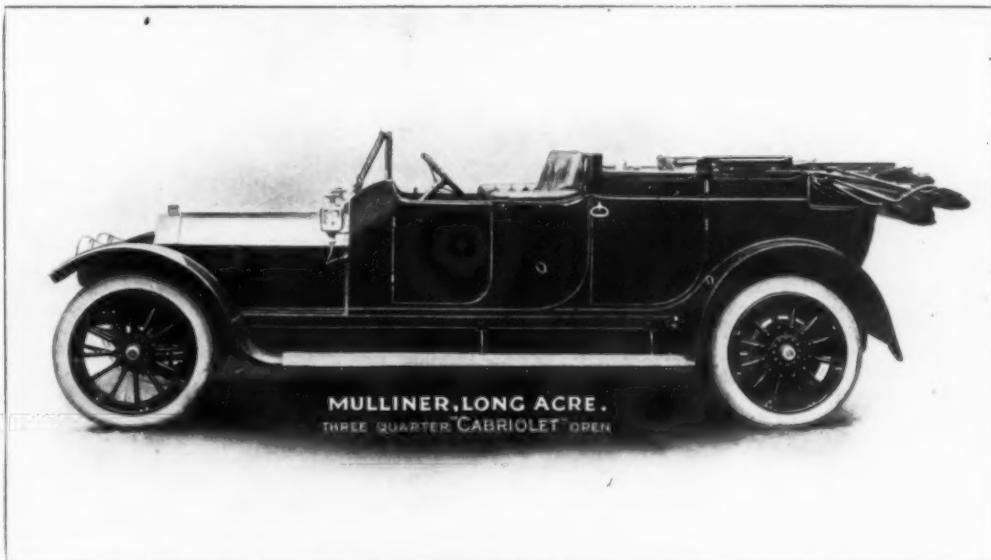


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the normal depreciation. The same result is arrived at if, instead of a reduction in price, the maker adds free of charge some expensive accessory, such as a self-starter or an electric lighting set. In such a case, an owner who had calculated on writing off 20 per cent. for the first year's use of the car ought properly to add another 10 per cent., or even more. It is, therefore, clear that any fixed percentage calculation which ignores all the factors named must necessarily be a snare and a delusion.

There is, however, another and, in our opinion, a fairer method of arriving at the proper amount to write off for depreciation. A business concern which expends capital on plant does not write it down at the end of the first year to the figure which it would fetch if sold in the open market. The usual practice is to calculate the useful life of the plant, and write off a sum annually which will amply suffice to replace it when it is worn out. There is no reason why the same system should not be followed more or less closely with a motor-car, unless the owner intends to follow the extravagant practice, which was once fairly general and to a great extent excusable, of buying a new car every two or three years, or even more frequently. We have reached a stage of development when progress in design has come almost to a standstill, and the owner who wishes to avoid unnecessary expense may justly regard his car as a vehicle to be retained until it is approaching the end of its useful life.

If this view be accepted, it follows that depreciation will be proportionate to the distance run, granted always that the car be cared for with reasonable skill and that repairs be undertaken when required. It may be argued that it is impossible to calculate the life of a car, and that one is therefore as far removed as ever from a satisfactory solution of the depreciation problem. It is easy, however, to base one's calculations on a mileage well within

in bulk at a low figure, but the difficulties to be overcome before these supplies can be delivered at the door of the consumer in this country seemed at one time almost insuperable for the importer on a small scale. By dint of hard

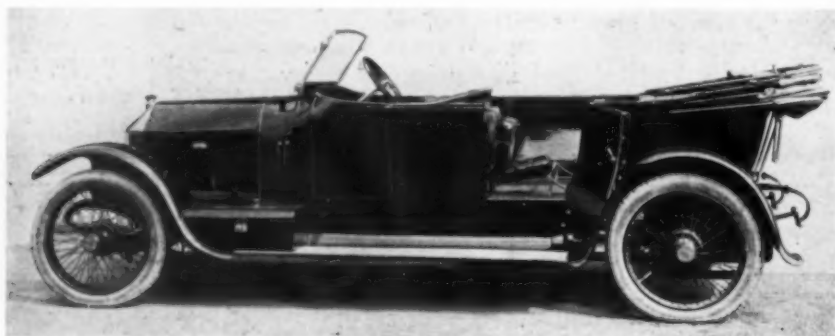


A MAYTHORN THREE-QUARTER LANDAULET, ON A 20-30 H.P. FIAT CHASSIS.

work and clever organisation, one at least of the co-operative concerns, the Petrol Users and Traders' Supply Society of Copthall Buildings, E.C., has reached the distributing stage, and a regular supply of first-rate spirit is being sent out daily by motor lorries from their depôt at Barking to members residing in the Home Counties. Every member is entitled to the call on 20 gallons of petrol per annum at a maximum price of 11d. plus duty (3d.) for each £1 share held by him in the Society. Spirit taken in quantities of 40 gallons is delivered free to members' garages within a radius of 180 miles from the metropolis, or to the nearest railway station if further afield. Steel drums fitted with the Snercold safety device are used, but those who prefer it can have the petrol delivered in the ordinary 2-gallon cans at a small extra charge not exceeding one halfpenny per gallon. The Society's petrol is known as Diamond motor spirit, and has a specific gravity of .715 to .720. Inasmuch as with ordinary petrol at 1s. 9d. a saving of 11s. 8d. is effected every year for each £1 share held in the society, the proposition is a very attractive one to the motorist. It is stated, on the authority of the committee of management, that the Society has a contract with a substantial company for a supply of 5,000,000 gallons of spirit annually for ten years, and intending subscribers are at liberty to obtain any information they require regarding this contract from the society's solicitors. There should therefore, be little doubt as to the permanence of the supply of spirit at a figure substantially below that which is likely to rule in the open market, even in the improbable event of the big companies reducing their prices to the ordinary consumer.

THE MOTOR-CYCLE SHOW.

From the point of view of the man in search of a light car at a popular price, the Olympia Cycle, Motor-cycle and Cyclecar Show, which opened on Monday last, is somewhat disappointing. It is true that about thirty small machines are staged, but the cyclecar



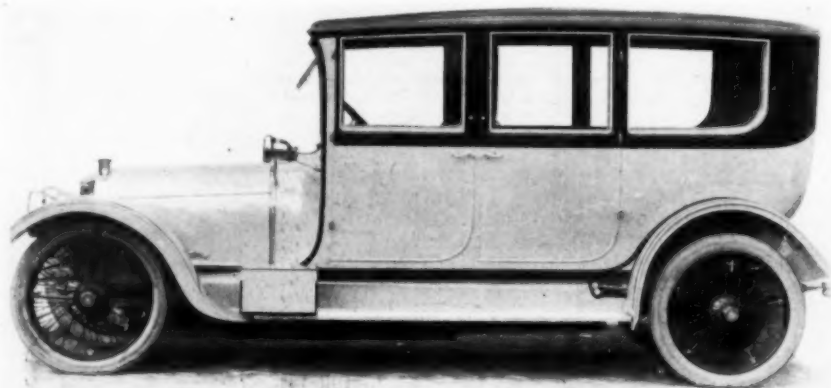
A 26-50 H.P. METALLURGIQUE, WITH VAN DEN PLAS BODY.

the capacity of a car, and thus arrive at a figure which allows a good margin for safety. It is certain that a soundly built vehicle by a maker of repute will retain all its essential qualities for a distance of at least 50,000 miles if handled in a proper manner and overhauled and repaired from time to time. If that figure be taken as a basis for depreciation, the rest is easy, as the amount to be written off annually will depend precisely on the distance covered in the twelve months.

Depreciation, in fact, can by this method be reduced to so many pence or fractions of pence per mile, like tires, lubricants or petrol, and we believe that this is the fairest way nowadays of calculating that much debated item of running costs. Thus, for a car costing £750 the depreciation, would work out at a trifle over 3½d. per mile, which represents £75 for 5,000 miles in a year, or £150 for twice that distance. These figures are on the generous side, as the car would still have a selling value at the end of the 50,000 miles, and in many cases might be kept in use for long after that mileage had been covered. The point we wish to make, however, is that depreciation should be regarded nowadays as an item mainly dependent on wear and tear, and not merely on the lapse of time, and the motorist who is content to keep a car in use until it ceases to render him satisfactory service can safely abandon the old system of writing off a fixed percentage annually and calculate his depreciation by mileage alone.

PETROL AT CO-OPERATIVE PRICES.

WHEN the price of petrol rose to 1s. 9d. a gallon early in the year and seemed likely to reach 2s., several schemes were set on foot for supplying motorists with motor spirit on co-operative lines. There are countries, such as Roumania, where excellent petroleum spirit can be bought



A 28 H.P. PANHARD, WITH BARKER SALOON BODY.

restriction in regard to weight (6cwt. for the chassis or 7cwt. for the complete vehicle) appears to have been strictly enforced, with the result that the miniature or light car as distinct from the cycle car is less adequately represented than at one time seemed probable.

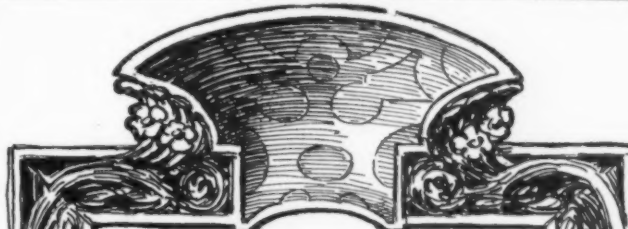


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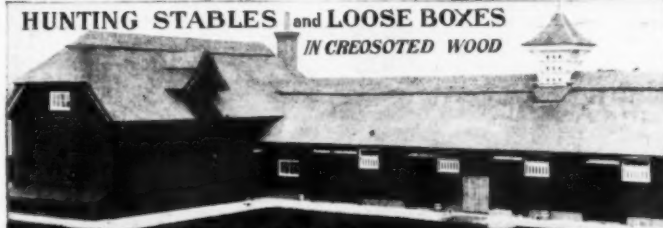
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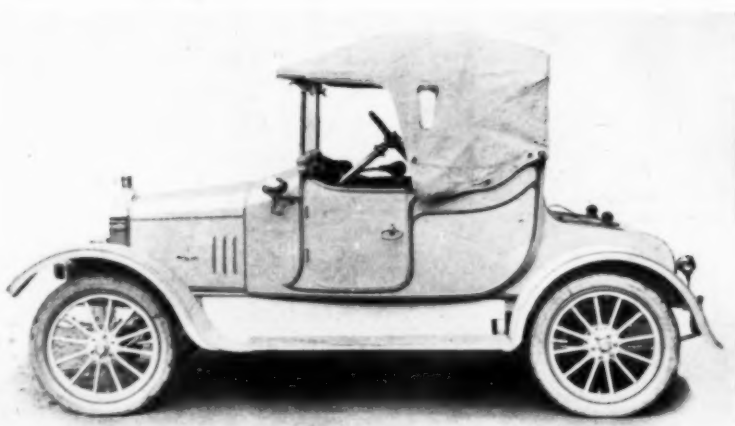
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A 9.5 H.P. STANDARD WITH VICTORIA BODY.

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DUNLOP DETACHABLE WIRE WHEELS.

Remarkable increase in
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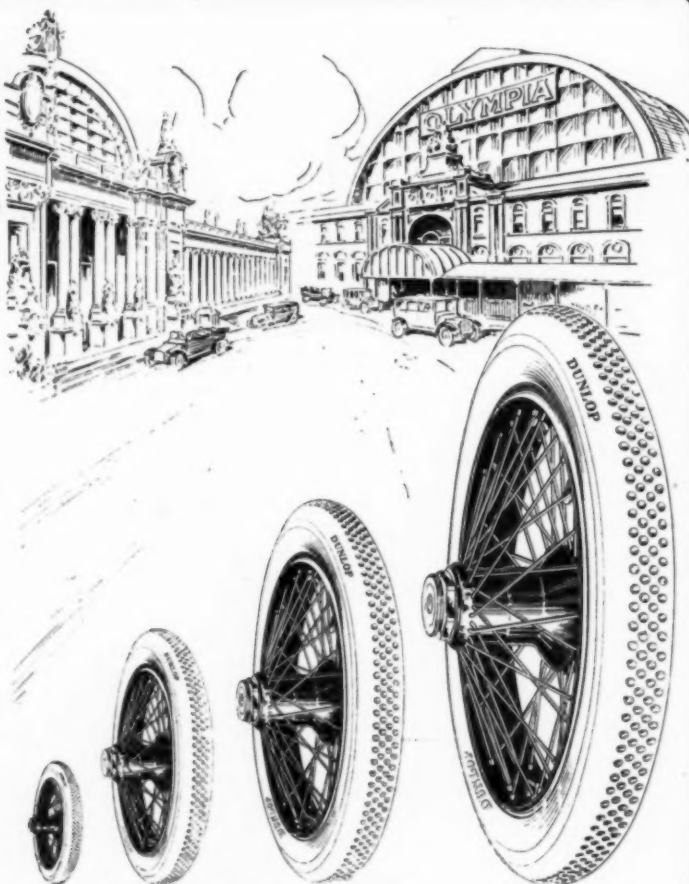
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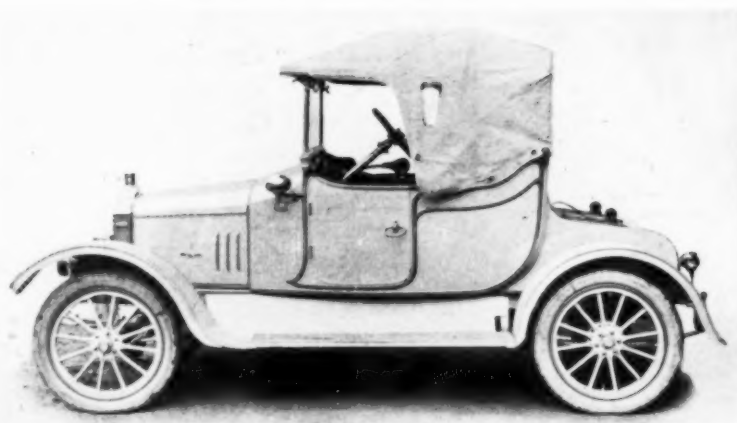
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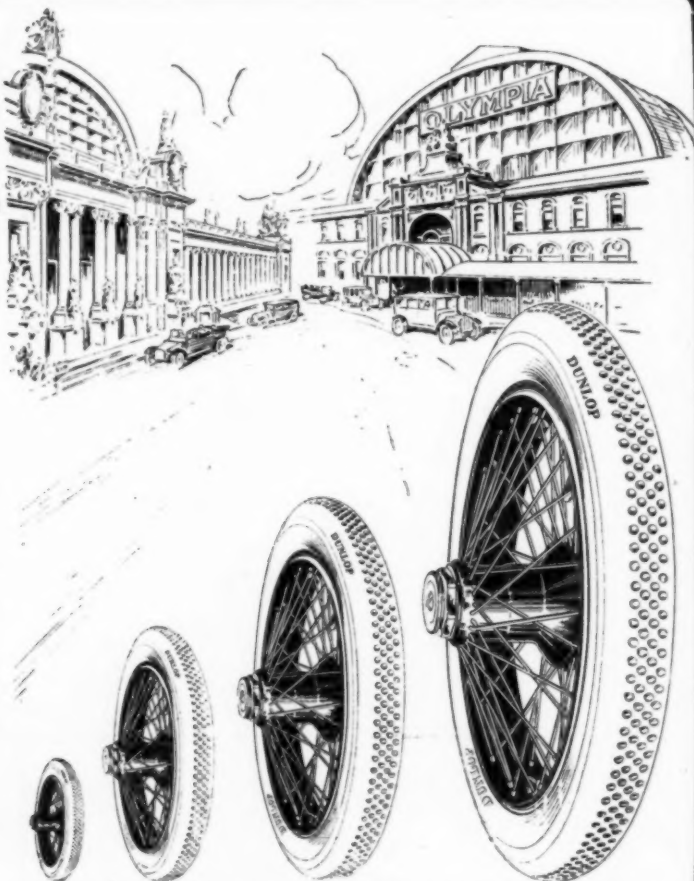
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THE CASE AGAINST THE HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES.

IT is not to be denied that the present most disappointing season for the partridges lends much support to the contentions of those who argue that our stock is being weakened in its general constitution owing to the importation of the Hungarian birds. It is not only that the season has been bad—it was bad for grouse, also, but not to be called disappointing for them, because it never promised very good things—but the partridges most emphatically did promise well. There was a very fine hatch out; and then the birds began to die off through July and August, so that the excellent promise altogether failed. Now we know what the conditions were in July—abnormally cold, both by day and by night, and with a scarcity of insects which was only natural in the circumstances. The partridges died in numbers. There is no doubt that these unfortunate weather conditions were against them, and were the immediate cause of their death; but the question arises whether our partridges would have succumbed to such conditions, which really were not so very terrible or abnormal, a few years ago, before we had any appreciable strain of Hungarian blood introduced among them. We have to confess that we hardly think they would have died in anything like those numbers, and we make the admission although we have hitherto held the view that the Hungarians have had no evil influence on the stock.

THE DIFFERENT CONDITIONS HERE AND IN HUNGARY.

For a good many years the failure of our partridges was attributed to Hungarians when there was no need at all to go to Hungary for an explanation of their failure. The circumstances of the weather just about the date of the hatch out, for several successive seasons, furnished a perfectly adequate reason, and it was only because it is so easy to forget weather conditions from year to year, unless they are particularly noted, that anyone went abroad to look for an explanation. But the circumstances of this season were quite different. The birds did well for some while after the hatch out. In many cases the birds that were found dead at a later time showed signs, on examination, of lung trouble. Now the conditions in which the birds live in Hungary differ from the conditions here in that the winters there are more severe in respect of temperature, though not in respect of humidity; but when the spring comes, it is a more reliable and a drier season than with us. The birds are not subjected to such uncertainties of climate, such quick changes from time to time, nor are they subjected to such a damp climate generally. It is possible that our native birds might not easily endure the cold of the Hungarian winter, and equally possible that their birds may not be well suited by the dampness of an English spring.

WOULD A "PARTRIDGE COMMISSION" BE OF USE?

It is a subject which requires all the investigation that we can possibly bring to bear on it. Unfortunately, it is not very easy to see the lines on which an investigation could profitably proceed. It would be interesting if we could have an enquiry made as to the geographical limits of the failure and of the relative success of the birds this year, for if it could be proved that the birds had done appreciably better in districts where few if any Hungarians had been introduced, this would be strong evidence in itself that the Hungarians were in some large part the cause of the failure. But are there, in point of fact, any such districts? If it were possible to see the lines on which an enquiry could be conducted, it might be worth while to appoint a commission analogous to the Grouse Disease Commission, which did such splendid work, to consider the case of the partridges. The only thing certain is that their present state is by no means satisfactory.

RIFLE SHOOTING AND THE EMPIRE.

The Council of the National Rifle Association is to be congratulated on the decision to accept the invitation of Australia to send over a British team during 1914. This will not interfere with Bisley, as the team will not leave England until August, and with Colonel J. Barlow in command and Mr. J. P. Somers as shooting captain they should give a good account of themselves. The announcement made by the Council that in Service rifle competitions

at Bisley next year the bull at 500yds. range will be reduced from 18in. to 16in. is entirely satisfactory, and in match rifle competitions we are glad to see the reinstatement of the central, which is a natural result of the extraordinarily good shooting in these competitions at Bisley last July. It may be noted, however, that the central is 24in. in diameter, whereas in 1912 it was 21in., and the "V" central will score six points instead of five, with the intention, no doubt, of reducing the number of ties. Much time should be saved by the decision to abolish sighting shots from the large majority of the competitions, but no doubt there will be a certain amount of grumbling.

DOGS IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.

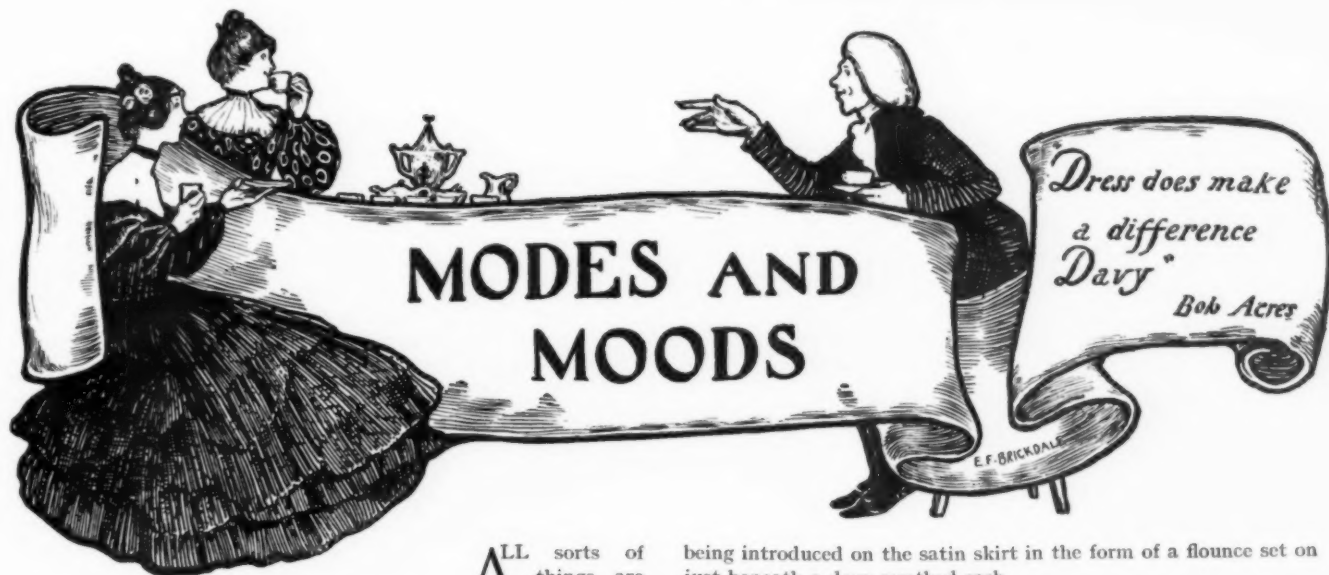
Gun Dogs, by F. T. Barton. (John Long.)

THE portion of this book that counts and is of value is contained in the last hundred pages. The writer, Mr. F. T. Barton, is a veterinary surgeon, and his remarks on the hygiene of dogs, the modes of keeping them in health and of treating them in sickness, are well worth reading and make the book well worth having at hand for reference. That is to say, the final third of the book is good. The other two-thirds are all what we know already, and all that has perhaps been better and with more original experience said before. It is true that the author has some useful coadjutors in his work, true that there are excellent illustrations, from photographs of various kinds of "gun-dogs" (to accept his own Americanism), true that the descriptions of the various kinds are accurate enough, and that the "breaking" instructions say nothing to which exception should be taken. But then all this has been done and said so long, and so well, before. We hardly need careful description and discussion of the varieties of dogs that help us in our sport; and as for the breaking, not only is the space given to that difficult art quite insufficient for any adequate treatment of it, but it is not explained with any of that attractiveness and vividness which could make it very engrossing reading. Moreover, the writer, or compiler, hardly seems aware of his debt to those who have, out of their own experience, written with first-hand knowledge of this art and been pioneers in it. For instance, it is scarcely to be credited that throughout the book there is not, so far as the present writer has discovered, a single reference to that great old writer and sportsman, Colonel Peter Hawker, and actually only one single reference to the work on "Dog-breaking" of General Hutchinson. The latter reference is only in connection with the varieties of spaniel breeds, and does not touch the actual breaking of dogs for the gun at all. Therefore, though this is a book which will be of use to the keeper or on the gunroom shelves as a guide to the treatment of dogs in disease, it is not a book to which either the keeper or owner of a dog is likely to turn for help or counsel in other canine business. Had the book been a third of its length, containing the last third of the present volume, it might have been given all praise without these reservations.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING.

SIR,—It occurs to me that some of your readers may share my doubts as to the advisability of planting hedges or spinneys for the express purpose of shooting driven partridges, and that some of them may, perhaps, be both able and willing to suggest some practical scheme for coping with the wiliness of the up-to-date partridges of to-day. I may say that I have shot a good deal, and still do so in places where partridges can be driven over the same fences or spinneys year in year out, but the reason for my present letter is this: For the last two or three years I have had the shooting of an estate of over five thousand acres. There is good partridge ground, and the conformation of the ground lends itself to "driving," the birds coming fast and very high. But I have noticed for the last year or two that the birds show an ever increasing reluctance to face the best fences—best from the guns' point of view, but evidently the worst from theirs. This season they—the birds—have flatly declined to be driven over these fences; they come up to them all right, but drop—I have watched them do it—within a few feet of the fence, and, as the beaters close in, will absolutely run down the fences and betake themselves off by methods best known to themselves. Come over they will not. Now, every precaution has been taken; beaters, flank men kept well forward, stops placed behind and in the angles of fences adjoining the one over which the birds are wanted to come and over which they "used" to come freely enough; but to no purpose. I may add that the fences to which I allude are not used with undue frequency; the best of them has only been tried twice this year. It is not the fault of the guns, but the birds will not come over. The fences are high and so thick that the birds cannot see through them, and moreover, the guns stand at least twenty yards behind these hedges. The conclusion I have come to is that the birds know exactly why they are being gradually driven towards a particular fence, and knowing, decline—who can blame them?—to face what awaits them on the other side. But my point is this: If partridges are learning so to use their intelligence as to avoid at all costs fences over which they or their immediate ancestors have been driven to face the guns, what is the use of laying out an estate with fences or spinneys expressly for shooting purposes? Are the partridges in my part of the world abnormally intelligent, or is my experience shared in by other shooters?—EJECTOR.



ALL sorts of things are happening just now. Many, *vide* my Modes and Moods chat last week, are preparing to go to Switzerland for sport, while chilly mortals are laying in suitable equipment for the South or gay Cairo; and yet others have duties calling them to the Tropics. It has fallen to my fate lately to see that well known 11.35 train off to Southampton, *en route* for South Africa, more than once, previous to which I have been lured into discussion over clothes by the feminine members of the travelling party. And these talks have been both interesting and illuminative. The experienced ones, who think nothing of coming home every two or three years, are able to throw much light on what to take, and very especially what to wear on the voyage. Of late years a great change has come about in this regard. As the great liners have increased in luxury until they have become, as is frequently said, nothing more nor less than palatial floating hotels, greater facilities have been provided for the wearing of smart clothes. Evening toilettes in particular are of immense importance, and *La Mode* just now plays directly into the hands of the women who are disposed to be extravagant, with her decree for the slim, limp little gown which can be packed away into an infinitesimal space.

A propos of warm climates, Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W., has recently brought out a capital light-weight coat, suitable for riding, walking or, in fact, any outdoor pursuit. For tropical wear it is made of tussore, and is a loose, easy-fitting wrap completed by a band. We have, however, been privileged to take a sketch of this very desirable possession, which is pictured surmounted by one of Robert Heath's light-weight pith helmets, lined with the always restful green. It is wholly superfluous at this date to point out where the excellence of the coat lies. The name of Robert Heath is always a sufficient guarantee for the best, and the fact that the house is providing such a possession points directly to a need. A similar type of coat can be had in a waterproof coating that is quite exclusive to the firm, and there are likewise other models from which to make selection, albeit the first essential of one and all is simplicity allied with practicability.

One of the events of this week has been the latest phase of the Tango Tea at the Palace Theatre. In conjunction with the authorities there, one of the most noted Parisian couturières has supplied a veritable feast of lovely frocks, and incidentally reveals how unnecessary it is to run to extravagance for an enchanting result. Every one of the eight dresses worn by the corps de ballet at the Palace Theatre would be equally suitable for ordinary afternoon or evening wear. As a matter of fact, two of the evening gowns have trains. One is a veritable dream of elegance expressed in a delicate peach shade of satin, over which falls a shapely tunic of tulle of the same hue, outlined with a narrow band of Labrador fur. The basis of the bodice is exceedingly fragile, but a certain importance is added by bretelles of the fur and a curious little zouave *mouvement* carried out in black ribbon velvet and manoeuvred to stand slightly away from the figure.

An adorable and most original scheme is a Tango dress comprising a slim skirt of pale blue soft satin, and what is termed a *habit de tulle*, really a corsage and tunic of tulle, on which an *imprevu* touch occurs in embroidered *motifs* placed wide apart and executed in silver beads on one side and black jet on the other. Then, an all white dance dress is composed of charmeuse, deep silver thread lace, and a lovely diamanté trimming. The two last are entirely responsible for the *décolleté* bodice, the silver lace

being introduced on the satin skirt in the form of a flounce set on just beneath a deep swathed sash.

Another establishment that is making a great speciality of dance and evening dresses generally just now is Bradley and Sons,



SUN HELMET AND SILK COAT AT MESSRS. HEATH'S.

Chepstow Place, Bayswater. Because this house has a name that comes second to none either here or in Paris, and carries on from year to year a success that is entirely phenomenal, some are doubtless inclined to believe that the prices are necessarily out of the way. On the contrary, apart from their very exclusive models, which are zealously guarded from prying eyes, Messrs. Bradley are exceedingly moderate, taking into consideration the value they provide, together with the supreme taste and good style that stamps all their creations. To meet the great demand that has set in for dance dresses, they have just now a range of the very daintiest and most original ready-to-wear confections imaginable, ranging from about 7½ guineas. While priced, if I remember rightly, at 8 guineas is an amazingly original little frock, composed with a draped black chiffon skirt and tunic and corsage of chiffon velvet. An old rose chiffon velvet is particularly effective, the upper part of the *décolleté* bodice being carried out in *ninon*, merely finished with a close line of red mock stones, while to pick up the black note of the skirt there is introduced a folded *ceinture* of *moiré* ribbon. Of course, these brief descriptions by no manner of means exhaust the nice detail put into the frocks, each one of which is an exclusive design of Bradleys. Or to go up the scale, though relatively of the same exceedingly moderate price, is the example pictured. This is a 12-guinea gown, arranged in the most exquisite *souple* brocade, one of the schemes of colour being a marsh-mallow yellow trimmed with dark brown fur. The latter, it will be remarked, is carried all round the hem of the slightly trained skirt, and finishes the elbow-length sleeve of the fragile little bodice of chiffon, which is furthermore generously trimmed with *diamanté*. A strikingly handsome *ceinture* is fashioned of these mock stones concluding with a great round medallion in front, hung with *pendeloques* of *diamanté* and jet, the ubiquitous touch of black tulle, without which no delicately toned evening gown seems complete to-day, appearing at the back of the waist. This is really a beautiful gown in its fine simplicity of *ligne* and generally artistic feeling. And in the *salons* at Chepstow Place devoted to gowns there are many more of a like calibre. We may indeed be proud to own in our midst a house of the standing of Bradley Brothers.

Of course, when we come to the denizens of the nursery and toys, it is a very different story. Here, indeed, are surprise packets. Hamley always takes the lead in this particular line of country, and the present year is no exception in rendering the establishment 200, Regent Street, an *El Dorado* of delight.

Prominent among the joys for boys is a life-size Red Indian encampment replete with fascinating accessories. Primarily, of course,



THE EXQUISITE GOWN IN BROCADE AT MESSRS. BRADLEY'S.



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT SKETCHED AT MESSRS. HAMLEY'S

there is the tent, or perhaps we should say wigwam—my knowledge in these technicalities is not as complete as it might be—clothes, canoe, tom-tom, bows and arrows and tomahawk. Figure to yourself the joys of a nursery owning such a glorious possession; the raids and wars that can be waged and victories achieved. Or, for a more stay-at-home embryo little man Hamley is producing a wonderfully realistic farmyard. This is sufficiently and realistically well equipped to induce the most recalcitrant spirits to go back to the land. In addition to a house and a lean-to for a cart—of course, the cart is there with correct canvas hood—there is a mill that actually works and every conceivable farmyard animal and fowl. Of dolls there are a very legion—baby dolls dressed on the premises and others dressed in England, for Hamley will have none of the merely showy French *jumeaux*, whose tawdry lingerie will never stand inspection. All the clothes worn by a Hamley doll are, in addition to being dainty and tasteful, always of the best quality, and to the most intimate garment they are made to come on and off. In fact, a child's *couturière* might have been responsible for their production. What will prove, I am sure, a screaming success is a Christmas pie. This is one of many devices for concealing a lot of toys. As may be imagined, it is a gigantic affair, the crust being composed of pastry-coloured tissue paper, from out which issue a series of long streamers. Placed in the centre of the table, a streamer is given to each child, who, at a given signal, gives a pull and ejects a toy. L. M. M.



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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE JEWEL OF JEWELS.

NOTHING shows the increasing refinement of taste in the matter of jewellery so much as the universal popularity of pearls. These exquisite gems, of course, have never lacked appreciation, but during the last decade or two the demand for them has increased enormously, and their value has been enhanced accordingly. Straightway the number of pearl robberies, large and small, has also increased. The only way to safeguard against loss is to have replicas made to wear on minor occasions; and so generally recognised is this that pearl copying has become a highly technical profession. An extraordinarily clever exponent of this profession is Mr. Topas of 38, Old Bond Street.



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platinum jewellery, of which we show a specimen, of real diamonds, with a Topas sapphire, ruby or emerald centre, according to choice. This charming pendant is perfect both in design and workmanship, and priced with the modesty which distinguishes all Topas productions.

REALLY ORIGINAL GIFTS.

Among the firms who cater for the generously disposed at Christmas time, few are more successful than the Alexander Clark Company, Limited, of 125, Fenchurch Street, E.C. Furthermore, the timely arrival of a large consignment of Japanese *objets d'art*, of which they are very discerning collectors, has this year opened an entirely new range of possibilities. A strong point in favour of these beautiful things is that there is no danger of seeing them duplicated. Quite unique is the tiny ivory grain-seller



A FINE PORCELAIN
KORO.

looking for a half-inch mouse which is escaping through a hole in the bottom of his basket, the child feeding a hen and chicks while its mother stands by with a coop poised to drop over the family when the opportunity comes, or a crab in which every joint is flexible and moves with the same motion as in the living animal. Then there are beautiful bronze lanterns; bits of mellow old Satsuma ware; Imari porcelain vases and Koros, and a set of twelve charming plates which will cost £7 5s.; finely hammered Japanese silver cigar and cigarette boxes, and some fine old Cloisonné, with its exquisite dull colouring. Among their own goods—which are all English made, by the way, and most moderate in price—the Company are showing some very nice tortoiseshell and gold brushes, costing 38s. 6d., while complete sets can be made up equally cheaply. For the traveller there is an umbrella with folding handle for 15s., or a watch with radiumised face, thermometer, barometer and perpetual calendar, in a folding case. A gun-metal watch, also radiumised for nightwork and fitted with a good alarm, is remarkably cheap at a guinea; while many other charming things, ranging in price from 2s. 6d. upwards, will be found in the illustrated Christmas catalogue, "Ideal Gifts," which may be obtained on application; while the firm have also compiled an interesting brochure on Japanese wares, entitled, "Art Treasures of Japan and the Far East," which should be a guide to their selection.

THE HOME OF DAINY THINGS.

Always fascinating, the wonderful house of Liberty, in Regent Street, W., is never more so than at Christmas time, when designers and craftsmen of all nations seem to unite to pour their best into the labyrinthine showrooms of Chesham House and East India House. One always associates Liberty's with beautiful fabrics

permeated with Oriental perfume, hand-wrought metal work and furniture of exquisite taste and workmanship; but signs of the times are not wanting. The needs of the motorist have made themselves felt even at Liberty's, and so we find among desirable Christmas gifts charming motor wraps in tussore grenadine, a delightfully soft and warm material which takes kindly to many charming dyes, and a variety of motor or travelling cushions in every conceivable shape, size and colour, among which we were particularly pleased with a fairly large oblong shape made of two soft skins laced together and finished with a frill. An evening wrap is often a very welcome gift, and with a view to the cold weather yet before us a good choice would be a Liberty burnous, woven with heavy silk so as to resemble a rich fur. These are deliciously warm and light, and one which resembles ermine suggests itself as a seasonable choice, though others may prefer a silver or golden fox, or seal effect. The printed silk wraps and blouses are bewildering in their variety, and Essex hand-made lace presents endless possibilities in dainty scarves, fichus, etc. In the metal work a rather new departure is the brass with dull, mellow toned surface. A lantern expressed in this material is very pleasing, and there are other good designs in hand-wrought iron. Liberty jewellery needs no extolling, nor do their lovely toys, quite unlike the products of the ordinary toy-shop, or their dainty cards and calendars. The fascinating Japanese dwarf trees are familiar to everyone, but a miniature garden, with trees, bridges, houses, lanterns and livestock, would make a fascinating present for an indoor gardening enthusiast. In fact, there is scarcely any taste to which this famous firm cannot appeal.



A LIBERTY MOTOR
WRAP.

A RESTFUL PRESENT.

Many of us possess friends, both men and women, who are so absorbed in a profession or business that they seem to share few, if any, of the interests or tastes of ordinary mortals. One thing they are certain to need, however, and that is intervals of absolute conscious rest during their work, and to enable them to attain this we would suggest giving them one of the delightful Patent "Burlington" Adjustable Rest Chairs which we illustrate, and with which Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Limited, of 171, New Bond Street, W., have made us familiar. Of course, they are certain to possess plenty of "easy" chairs; but in how many easy chairs can one really rest? Yet lack of just a few minutes' relaxation of body and mind—say, only a quarter of an hour after and, if possible, before meals—is responsible, so eminent physicians tell us, for half the nerve, brain and digestive troubles to which mankind is becoming more and more prone. In a Foot reclining chair one can really rest in any position—upright, slightly reclining or fully extended. There is no need to exert one's self to obtain the comfortable angle. The pressure of a button adjusts everything, and



JUST FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

one can enjoy a degree of comfort that enables one to lose the very consciousness of tired brain or back. A Foot chair costs no more than many an ordinary armchair, and it is one of those things for which the lucky recipient will certainly thank the donor all his life. It may be recorded by the way that the firm recently had the honour of supplying one of their latest patterns to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and another to Her Grace the Duchess of Connaught.

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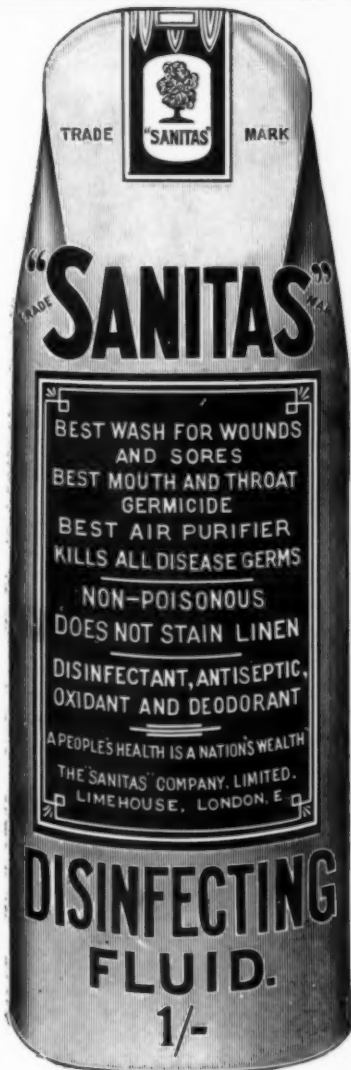
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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

An Elizabethan Panelled Room. NOT often in a lifetime does even the most indefatigable collector meet with such a perfect specimen of Elizabethan panelling as that which we illustrate, and which has been acquired recently by Messrs. Mawers of Fulham Road, S.W.; nor does the photograph do it justice. The general scheme may be discerned, but the exquisite detail of the frieze and of the fireplace with its magnificently carved columns and central coat of arms is unavoidably lost in so small a picture. Moreover, in the opposite corner of the room there is a fine cupboard entrance, the outer angle of which has been sheered off and replaced by noble fluted pilasters, enclosing some exceptionally fine carved work. To display this panelling to the best advantage, Messrs. Mawers have constructed an entire room of the period, the ceiling of which is a perfect example of early moulded work in a delicate design, divided by beams enriched with fruit and foliage in deep relief, supported by a typical frieze of the period. The furniture in the room is also worthy of notice. The small cabinet seen in the photograph is one of a pair of Old English black lacquer on their original Charles II. stands, and opposite is a magnificent specimen, somewhat larger, of old crimson lacquer, glowing richly against the dark panelling, also on its original gilt stand and surmounted by gilt amorini and scrollwork of the Italian Renaissance. The stone fireplace itself, by the way, is also a genuine piece of Tudor work, with some very interesting carving in the sunk spaces immediately above the arch.

For the Amateur Photographer. IT is surprising, when one considers the number of amateur photographers there are and the excellent lenses many of them employ, that the majority are contented with such very mediocre results. They do not realise how much of the beauty of the negative from a hand or pocket camera is lost in a tiny print. To bring out the locked-up detail, enlargement is absolutely necessary. But there are, of course, enlargements and enlargements. Technical as well as artistic requirements must be complied with if lasting satisfaction is to result; and bearing these dual virtues in mind we would recommend our readers who wish to see what their cameras are really capable of to send their next batch of negatives to the Autotype Company, 74, New Oxford Street, W. Autotype carbon prints of famous pictures are too well known to need description here, but apart from the beauty of the process it has many other advantages. It combines absolute permanency with a wide range of artistic colours, such as sepias, browns, reds, blues, greens, etc., so that a shade sympathetic to any subject may be employed. Further, it permits of printing on practically any surface, so that truly artistic results can be obtained. Another excellent branch of Autotype work is printing unenlarged negatives straight on to paper—clean margin prints they are called—for binding in book form. The advantage of this to the traveller or sportsman with an otherwise bulky collection of valuable photographs is obvious. The Autotype process is not only perfectly simple, but also very inexpensive, the

developing being done with warm water and no chemicals being required; and for the benefit of those who prefer to experiment for themselves, the Company make up beginners' trial outfits for quarter, half or whole plate cameras, the smallest size only costing half-a-crown. The methods are clearly described in two little booklets, "The Making of Permanent Pictures" and "First Steps in Autotype Printing," published by the Company.

Warmth and Ventilation. WE are so accustomed to hear our good old English open grate condemned as wasteful and inefficient that most of us have accepted the verdict, though we cling to the culprit out of sheer sentiment, comforting ourselves with the reflection that it is at least a splendid ventilator. That it could be made to combine the work of a central heating scheme with its own task of heating by radiation did not occur to us until a system was introduced and patented by Mr. James D. Prior of Empire Works, Holiday Street, Birmingham, whereby an ordinary open fire and a simple radiator heating plant sufficient to warm several rooms can be used in conjunction with good results, and remarkable economy in fuel.



AT MESSRS. MAWER'S

Briefly stated, the invention, which is called the "Imperial" Convertible Fire-grate, consists of an open firegrate and a simple hot-water heating apparatus, warming the parts of the room near the grate by the radiant heat from the front of the fire, while that from the back, which would otherwise be lost up the chimney, is utilised to warm radiators in further parts of the room or rooms above or adjoining. The heater is fixed at the back of the grate and the heat transmitted by means of two small pipes, which may be hidden in the angles of the walls or behind skirting boards. When required, water may be supplied automatically or by hand, though since the same water is used over and over again, very little attention is required, nor do the pipes fur. The grates are fitted with draught doors, which regulate the fire and prevent overheating; otherwise they have the appearance of ordinary grates, being constructed from the designs of well-known artists and architects. They may be had in every style and size, as hearth grates, semi-front or full-front bar, and to suit every style of room. Illustrations, prices, etc., will be found in two booklets, "How to Warm and Ventilate the Home" and "The 'Imperial' Convertible

Firegrate," which will be sent post free on application.

A Fine Georgian House. THAT gems are frequently contained in very plain cases is a truism which is strongly illustrated in the case of the house known as 8, Clifford Street, Bond Street, W. The simple front typical of the best class of domestic dwelling of the date 1716 is only distinguished from its fellows by its fine proportions, but within the magnificent stone staircase, with its iron balustrading and beautifully ramped handrail sweeping up from the entrance hall, immediately arrests the attention, while the fine architectural painting, attributed to Sir James Thornhill, with which the walls of both hall and staircase are covered, is strongly reminiscent of the King's staircase at Hampton Court. The nobly proportioned suite of withdrawing-rooms above and the upper floors with their original panelled and painted walls, are worthy of the magnificent staircase, and formed a fitting setting for the several illustrious personages who have lived in the house. Now it has entered on a new sphere of usefulness as a background for the business of fine decorations and furniture which has recently been

opened there by Andrew Russell, Limited. Mr. Russell, who is well known to connoisseurs by reason of his clever decorative work, is also a collector of discernment, and has opened his new galleries with an enviable group of treasures. Among them stands out particularly an English lacquer writing bureau dated 1700, with double doors filled with engraved Vauxhall plate, and beautiful domed tops. There is also an exceptional Chinese lacquer cabinet on its original seventeenth century stand, a group of three exquisite Samarkand rugs which set off the beautiful room in which they are displayed to perfection, a rare pair of gilt eagle tables with iron antique tops, a pair of old red lacquer stools, and a silver-gilt William and Mary stool, a remarkable piece upholstered in old green velvet. Needlework is represented by several pieces of gros point and petit point, and there are some fascinating silks and embroideries. The most notable pieces of needlework perhaps are seen on three Charles II. chairs, which are upholstered in gros-grain work with petit point panels on a soft yellow ground. There are also a couple of very charming banner screens in petit point, one of which is noteworthy as being made of walnut. In the smallest of the three withdrawing-rooms the walls are hung with rugs, with very decorative effect, in contrast to the painted pine wood panels with gilded enrichments, which distinguish the rest of the suite. On the upper floors it may be remarked that sufficient of the original decorations and colouring remained, after removing the paper, to give a clue to what the house must have looked like in its palmiest days. These decorations have been reinstated, so that what is probably its earliest condition may be seen, and apart even from the art treasures which now fill it, the house itself is well worth visiting, and its present occupiers will be delighted to show it to anyone interested in beautiful decoration and furniture.

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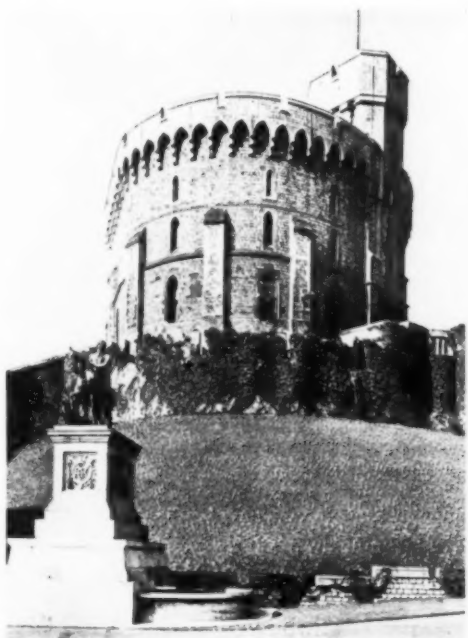
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